

Send her a Corsage for  
the Prom  
FROM  
Walter Ramsay, Ltd.  
Birks Bldg.  
Phone 23488

# The Gateway

LOUIS TRUDEL FURS Ltd.  
Quality Fur Coats  
Newest Styles  
PRICES QUOTED ON REPAIRS  
Phone 22213 Albion Bldg., 102nd Ave.

VOL. XXV, No. 18.

UNIVERSITY OF ALBERTA, WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 5, 1934

SIX PAGES

## VARSIITY DROPS OPENER IN FAST GAME

### Superiors Take Game 6-3 In Closely Played Tussle

New Varsity Team Watched by Capacity Crowd in First League Fixture

Senior hockey got away to a flying start last night when the Soops, last season's city champions, took the Varsity team to the tune of 6 to 3. The play was fast and furious, with neither side getting any advantage till the last half of the final period. Up till this point it was anybody's game, with Varsity holding the edge in the first period and a decided advantage in the second. That heady, fast, experienced combination of Lefty Grove and the Brown brothers proved too much, and Varsity was left holding the loose end again.

Some nice material in hockey ivory was uncovered in Jack Dunlap and Bill Stark. Dunlap proved to be a honey of a playmaker, with speed to burn. Coupled with tricky Duke Ferguson, he rushed and stick-handled his way through the Soops for plenty yardage. Bill Stark and Jack Talbot worked sweetly on defense. The way they sandwiched the Brown boys was lovely to behold.

Coach Al Wilson's proteges showed the usual trained fitness that we have come to expect from his handling. They were aggressive, and show possibilities of giving the senior league something to worry about in the way of competitions. Finish around the goal was poor. Though Stuart turned in a nice job at goal, Varsity failed to capitalize on the many times that the net was wide open. Ralph Maybank did lovely work, especially at the times he was left wide open by Soops sweeping down the ice. We think he used poor judgment in rushing out a couple of times, but no one can condemn him for that.

**Soops Draw First Blood**  
The first period opened with a burst of speed on the part of both teams. Talbot and Stark were called upon early to display their prowess in turning back Soop rushes. Six minutes after play got under way Perce made a neat getaway down the left boards, passed sharply to Crossland, beating Ralph Maybank by inches to check up the first tally of the year. One minute later Crossland again slipped the rubber by Ralph to make it read 2-0.

**Varsity Evens the Count**  
Despite the poor stick-handling that Varsity was displaying at this time, Scott and Woywitka managed to break away long enough for Scott to lay down a lovely pass that had Stuart baffled. Varsity was on its way.

Lamie was sent to the cooler for boarding, and Varsity turned on the power. The "Stuart clan" tried to break away several times, but Varsity kept pounding away. The ice was getting heavier all the time. Still, Bob Cruickshanks sank the even just before Lamie came back to the fray.

Willie Scott saved Varsity bacon—Superior brand—many times by his fast back-checking. That boy can do more than organize Proms.

During the period Maybank stopped 7 and Stuart 9.

#### That Hectic Second Frame

The first line was going strong at the opener, but the second Varsity string didn't look so good in their innings. Gordie Watt, this new Soop defense man, late of the E.A.C., was doing good.

Both teams were in there with everything they had. Zender got his first chance to show the goods, and performed nicely. He teamed up well with either Stark or "Maestro" Talbot. Joey Brown got to pushing the boys around, and drew a spell in the box, but Varsity didn't click on their rushes. When Joe came back on the ice he made up for it all by scoring the Soops' third goal just past half-time.

Pride seemed to be having difficulty getting a stick on the puck and keeping it there all through the game, but Dunlap showed some beautiful stick-handling to snare Varsity's last goal six minutes later, when Perce was off.

Maybank stopped 6 and Stuart 13. Then the Soops Got Going. Grove and Watt teamed up for the Soops next counter. Varsity fought had all the way, but experience showed when Grove and Joe Brown again nicked the hump after Jones had done his bit.

**Summary**  
First period — Crossland (Perce), 6:40; Crossland, 1:00; Woywitka (Scott), 7:00; Cruickshank, 5:35. Penalties: Lamie, Watt.  
Second period — J. Brown, 11:30; Dunlap, 6:00. Penalties: Joe Brown, Perce.

Third period—Grove (Watt), 4:09; Jones, 13:51; Joe Brown (Grove), 1:35. Penalties: Montgomery, Talbot.

**Lineups**  
Superiors — Goal, Stuart; defense, Lamie, Montgomery, Watt; forwards, Grove, Joe Brown, Bus Brown, Crossland, Jones, Perce.

Varsity — Goal, Maybank; defense, Talbot, Stark, Zender; forwards, Pride, Dunlap, Ferguson, Scott, Cruickshank, Woywitka.

Referee—Clarence Campbell.  
Timekeeper—Joe Driscoll.

#### WEEKLY COMPETITION No. 4

Price this week to be given for the best home-made proverb. Any person connected with the University eligible. Entries to be in by Dec. 8th.

### WIN SCHOLARSHIPS



ELIZABETH CARSCALLLEN

Miss Elizabeth Carscallen has been awarded the Imperial Order of the Daughters of the Empire Scholarship, and Mr. Don Wilson the most coveted of all awards, the Rhodes. Miss Carscallen, who graduated in Arts in 1933, will spend a year at the University of London. Mr. Wilson, the first medical student to receive the scholarship at this University, is entitled to three years at Oxford. Both are well known in University circles, and are exceedingly popular choices to represent the University in England.



DON WILSON

### SENIOR HOOPERS HARD AT WORK

Provincial League Will Open Following Holidays

Although no definite playing dates have as yet been set it is expected that Coach Doug McIntyre's senior men's hoop team will get into action in the provincial league immediately following the Christmas holidays. It is also rumored that Varsity will have one home game before they make their tour of the other three senior basketball centres, Calgary, Lethbridge and Raymond.

So far the Varsity hasn't shown us much power. Crummy! No better term can express the writer's opinion of the opening game played by those ten "Seniors" against a hustling and inspired bunch of high school hoopsters backed by the old maestro of the basketball floor, Arn Henderson. Excuses may indicate a belief in one's ability to do better, but a basketball game cannot be won after the final whistle blows, and that 23-20 pill was a bitter one for the Varsity basketball fans to swallow.

In a move to strengthen his squad, McIntyre himself will be in uniform when next they take the floor. A shoulder injury suffered during one of the rugby games at the coast last month has kept the Varsity coach on the sidelines.

### SKI CLUB OPENER IS BIG SUCCESS

With Country Club Setting and Ski Club Sitting, the First Party of the Year is Success

To skis! To skis! and wearing bright slacks, sweaters, mittens and berets, the Varsity Ski Club rallied enthusiastically to the call. Veterans, beginners and all stages in between assembled at Tuck for the first meet of the season last Sunday. From there, packed expertly into cars, with skis and ski poles protruding triumphantly from rear trunks, bumpers, fenders and side windows, the club set out for the hills around the Country Club.

**Ski Joys**  
One look over the edge, and the unassuming members melt away in search of more appropriate slopes to practice on. Others, more confident, decide to risk it, and go careening down madly at top speed, ending up all along the way in all manner of assorted postures. But the greater number are good skiers, who push off confidently, round corners in a cloud of snow, and are still on their feet at the bottom. It's fatal to stop at the bottom, even long enough to assemble your scattered parts, as somebody is certain to use you for a target and see how neatly they can cut a figure eight around you. This necessitates directing the little energy left towards getting back up to the top again as quickly as possible.

**Hold That Pose!**  
Sometimes, just when you think you're going great, and isn't skiing just the best fun, you realize with horror that your skis are separating and that no earthly power will bring them together again. It's best to collapse immediately, as no amount of balancing on one ski or frantic flourishing of poles will have any effect. Once they're gone they don't come back. A good plan of action when you lose control and find yourself precipitated in a direction at right angles to the original one, is to sit down on your skis and coast.

Both practices were engaged in during the course of the afternoon, and many more equally diverting. A five o'clock tea was served in Dr. Folinsbee's cosy big living room, around a blazing log fire. Ski hikes leave Tuck every Sunday afternoon at 2:30 p.m., weather permitting. All arrangements are able attended to, and all you have to do is be there on time with your skis.

#### DEBATING SOCIETY NOTICE

The next meeting of the Debating Society will be held on Thursday, Dec. 6. The resolution under discussion is, "Resolved that woman's place is in the home."

It will be aptly handled by four of the fair sex, who will themselves within the course of a few subsequent years be called upon to make this decision. For it are Helen Ford and Kay Bingay; against it, sad to state, are Pauline Pitfield and Shiela Stewart.

It is expected that with the increasing tendency of the female of the species to invade the economic and business spheres, and the attitude which Russia has adopted in placing women in practically every branch of industry, the resolution will afford a considerable amount of interest. Either this, or it will be colloquially humorous. Either way, you will enjoy it, so be on hand at 8:00 sharp.

### Critique of Inter-Year Plays

By Eric Johnson

Those persons called to the estate of the dramatic critic have been so often accessories after the fact that they no longer regard the perpetrators of the actual crime with anything more than a certain complacency. One is constrained to believe that their true function would be to prevent the crime, but no one has been sufficiently courageous to suggest what naturally follows—that we can get along without either Mr. Nathan or Mr. Woolcott. All of which means that the gentle reader is once more faced with the task of digesting a couple of columns of candid comment concerning the Inter-year Plays.

With regard to the Freshman presentation of "Sham," by Frank Tompkins, one must admit in all fairness that the players were probably quite as bored as the audience when at long last the end came. The play itself is deadly, and one cannot help but admire the fortitude of the Freshman cast and their grim tenacity in the pursuance of their duty. Mr. George Cormack, in the part of the Thief, gave a performance which was nearly always pleasing to watch for its poise and smoothness. Whether consciously or not, he has acquired a device which is quite rare among actors—the use of understatement. It can be very effective, but when carried through speeches of three to five minutes' duration, the result is monotonous, to say the least. Miss Margaret Hess evidently possesses a forceful personality, but she seemed unaware of the fact that the stage is a good place to use it. Her handling of the climax, the only real opportunity presented throughout the play, was disappointing. The grouping, on the

whole, was well worked out and the setting tastefully arranged, but the writer is still recovering from the insidious poison of that saffron-hued background. The play in general lacked definiteness and unity.

The choice of Miles Malleon's fantasy, "Michael," by the Sophomore Class was an exceedingly ambitious one. Here is a play which depends almost entirely on sustained mood or atmosphere. It is a play which largely stands or falls according to the director's ability to effect a unity of the parts and to maintain the rhythm of the piece. Miss Betty Mason is to be congratulated upon her sympathetic interpretation and upon her painstaking attention to the mechanics of production which lay within her power to control. Various unfortunate circumstances, however, conspired to defeat her purpose. First and most regrettable was the haphazard, careless manner in which make-up was used. How on earth can we secure that "momentary suspension of disbelief which constitutes poetic faith," so necessary in a play of this kind, if the characters do not at least have the fundamental realities of age and station in life? Miss Margaret Aldwinckle gave a competent performance of quiet unobtrusiveness, but one found it almost impossible to believe in her. She seemed no older than the child-daughter, and her smooth, white hands, her wide untroubled brow gave no indication of the hardships which one would expect a peasant woman might endure. The entrance of Mr. Aylesworth as the nobleman was an unhappy occurrence for the same reason. Surely with a little care his facial expression could have been given the requisite austerity and maturity. It is his credit that he carried his scene through to an effective conclusion. The incident with the whip was well done. Mr. Jack Raymond succeeded in creating the required suspense in his early scenes, and approached the climax bravely. He made a sincere effort to cope with an obstacle which was for him almost insurmountable. His voice could not do the things required of it, and consequently the terrifically long speech at the end failed to hold the audience. Lastly, the nature of the drapes in the setting made a complete blackout impossible, and hence the conclusion lost its effect. Special reference should be made to the attractive costumes used, though the nobleman's servant should be taken to task for making sure that we noticed that the lining of his cloak was equally as impressive as that of his master's. The writer would also like to mention the careful bit of characterization done by Miss Elizabeth Gerwin as the foster-mother. The play on the whole was a brave attempt, and taking these various factors into consideration came off surprisingly well.

#### FLASH!

Gradettes win 39.30 from Green and Gold girl hoopers, Tuesday night.

### U. OF A. ALUMNI HOLDS DANCE

In aid of the unemployed school in Edmonton, the Alumni Association of the University of Alberta held a delightfully informal and gay dance in Convocation Hall on Saturday, Dec. 1, at 9 o'clock.

Dr. R. C. Wallace and Mrs. Wallace, Mr. and Mrs. Harold Haynes, and Mr. and Mrs. Geoffrey Taylor were the guests of the association at this affair. Arrangements were in the capable hands of the ex-student committee, comprising Miss Jean Bulyea, Miss Gladys Fry, Miss Dorothy Argue, Mr. R. V. Clarke, Mr. Donald Cameron and Mr. John Cormack.

### "H.M.S. PINAFORE!" BY PHILHARMONIC

Harry Prevey Brings to the Fore This Comic Opera to Be Presented in Edmonton

This year the Philharmonic Society will present under the direction of Harry Prevey, Gilbert and Sullivan's rollicking "H.M.S. Pinafore." Although "H.M.S. Pinafore" has been presented a number of times in Edmonton, it possesses that intangible something that only Gilbert and Sullivan have been able to give to comic opera; and no matter how often we hear it we still feel we'd always love to hear it again. The spontaneity and zest and freshness of this opera and the close mingling of melody and wit, somehow make our modern musical comedies seem just a bit stilted and artificial.

The sub-title of "H.M.S. Pinafore," "The Lass That Loved a Sailor," suggests the charming naivety of the plot. But it is not that plot that has made this operetta live for fifty-five years—it is the typical Gilbert and Sullivan mannerisms and the gay tuneful melodies that have succeeded in making it the most famous of the Savoy operas. In comparing this to a modern musical comedy we notice the organic connection of the lyrics with the plot as a whole. Throughout the play we are never allowed to forget the plot; we never have to grope for it under a mound of lavish and extravagant settings. Perhaps it is a natural tendency to be rather overcritical of modern productions, but we can't help wondering if anyone will still be singing "The Easter Parade" fifty-five years from now.

"H.M.S. Pinafore" was first presented in London in 1873 and since then the sentimental sweetness of "I'm called little Buttercup" and the proud Sir Joseph singing "Now I am the Ruler of the Queen's Navy" have come to be loved by numberless audiences. Production has already been started on the operetta, and before long we will be able to tell you just when you can expect to meet again, Buttercup and Captain Corcoran and Dead-Eye Dick—hear all the rest of "that infernal nonsense—Pinafore."

(Continued on Page Five)

#### I SAW THIS WEEK

Don Wilson practicing an Oxford accent.  
A Dumb Freshette wondering why The Gateway that comes out Wednesday was called the Tuesday edition.  
A great number of scholarship applicants working up a sour grapes philosophy.  
Harold Riley being thrown out of a sleigh Saturday night. What would Lois H. think of this?  
Betty Gravely choosing a Prom partner.

### THE BRONZE LADY AND THE CRYSTAL GENTLEMAN



#### THE JUNIOR CLASS PLAY

Which won the Inter-year Play Competition last Friday in Convocation Hall. Reading from left to right we see: Dr. Alique (John Corley), Servant (Paul Malone), The Prince (Jack Garrett), Mme. Sourcier (Eleanor Swallow), M. Sourcier (Parker Kent), M. Passandean (Robin Ritchie).





## THE GATEWAY

The Undergraduate Newspaper, Published by The Students' Union of the University of Alberta

Gateway Office: 151 Arts. Phone 32026.

## THE UNIVERSITY SPIRIT

There are many hybrid institutions with the appellation of university, but how many are justified in calling themselves such? We know of many universities which are little better than training schools, graduating men perhaps brilliant in one line of work, but who have little or no interest in any other subjects. Shall we of the University of Alberta belong to this class of graduates, or shall we deserve to be called cultured men and women? It seems to us the answer lies in the question as to whether we come to the University to learn a trade so that we may later capitalize on it, or whether we come with an attitude of curiosity as to other subjects, a desire for learning as much as we can, and a regret that we have not more time to devote to subjects other than our specialty.

The western provinces of Canada could not support a purely cultural school. Our country is too new to have as yet a leisured, moneyed class, which could afford to send its youth to university for the cultural benefits derived. Most of us are too poor to afford the time or money in studying the classics, philosophy, English or languages for the pure joy of it. We all feel we must learn some trade or profession which will help us to earn our living later on, but must we as a result ignore the benefits to be derived from a study of other subjects, closing our minds to other branches of learning?

It would be unfair to compare our College to the great universities of England and the continent. The University of Alberta must necessarily stress the more practical subjects, rather than the cultural, but one might compare the attitude of the students to learning, and we are convinced we are the losers for the comparison. Many of us have no desire to learn anything but the subjects in which we are to be examined. We have a horror of acquiring any impractical knowledge and an apathetic imperviousness to interests outside our courses. There are of course exceptions, but at the risk of being banal we might suggest they prove the rule. As a result, we tend to be specialists rather than educated men and women.

The general attitude of the students is not frivolous. On the whole, we are rather hard-working than otherwise, but we are still provincial in our attitude towards "useless knowledge." Those of us who have read the article on "The Value of Useless Knowledge" in the May issue of the Atlantic Monthly cannot help but appreciate the significance of that phrase.

Each new student on entering the university unconsciously absorbs the general atmosphere, and in turn unconsciously modifies that atmosphere to the extent of his personality. The traditions of a university are built up through these individual attitudes as affected by the group atmosphere. Many of us on entering university are too adolescent to appreciate the value of "useless knowledge," and too young to realize the pure pleasure learning will afford us, so we follow the hard and adopt the general attitude that we are here to pass examinations with a minimum of effort, and that interest in any other subjects is a waste of time.

In many places in Germany, when the student has left the gymnasium (the preparatory school for the university) he attends the university, but starts on no scheduled course of studies for a year, or sometimes longer. The year is a period of adjustment to the new life. The student may attend classes in any subject, and he listens to discussions of older students on anything from biology to Greek drama. Whatever his eventual course of study, he has heard lessons and discussions on every branch of learning, and has the advantage of at least a taste of each subject. As a result, if he is at all naturally curious, while pursuing a course of study in one subject, he keeps up an interest in others. Although he graduates as a geologist, he may have won prizes in poetry contests, become an amateur botanist, taken a keen interest in economics, or delved into philosophy. He has had a fuller life than if he had confined his interests to one subject, and graduates with a broader outlook and a more developed mind.

We are not criticising our university system. On the contrary, we contend that it offers to us a great deal more than we take from it, but we think that in older universities in older countries, the student has a better chance of broadening his interests. He must do consciously what he does unconsciously.

We do not advocate that we should attempt to study every branch of knowledge. We have not time, in spite of Walter B. Pitkin in his "Art of Learning," claiming that an adult of average intelligence could learn in three months what ordinarily takes a year at university. We merely suggest that a passing acquaintance with other subjects than our specialties, would make us more cultured men and women. It will never bring one pecuniary profit to be able to recite Hamlet's speech—"Oh what a rogue and peasant slave am I," or the description of the scene when Antony first sees Cleopatra, but it is of infinite satisfaction to oneself to be able to do so.

There is no more boring person than one who is interested in his field alone, and can talk of nothing else. He would be a happier man if he had complementary interests. The university offers us the chance, as it is never offered to us again, of acquiring these complementary interests, which will broaden our views and enlarge our personalities. Only too soon will we be working for our living, but that which we learn at University should be beneficial to us, not only in our working hours, but in our leisure hours as well: to help us spend them not necessarily seriously, but at least intelligently.

A subject deserving of pity is a man in his fifties or sixties, who is tired body and soul of working, who has the means to retire, and yet has an actual and living dread of doing so, for fear he will be bored with the sudden leisure. It is difficult (Mr. Pitkin says well-nigh impossible) for most men of that age to apply themselves to entirely new subjects. The grooves of habitual thinking are worn deep in the brain, and habits of mind are crystallized. It is a distinct mental wrench for this man to take up a new subject to learn. It is an agony of the brain to start new channels of thought in the lethargic

cells, just as to restore circulation in a limb is agony. He should have kept the cells active by acquiring supplementary interests when he was young.

We should not have to whip ourselves into having an interest in subjects extraneous to our courses. Inborn curiosity stimulated by a university atmosphere of a desire to acquire knowledge should make us interested in spite of ourselves. We do not suggest that we become solemn and owl-like, taking ourselves too seriously, and ponderously discussing weighty matters. Nor need we emulate certain extremists at some English universities, who epitomize a hang-over from the Oscar Wilde tradition. They do not exactly "Walk down Piccadilly with lilies in their hands," but they act the modern equivalent, an over-developed consciousness of the importance of their own personalities, and a fake individuality which is monstrous yet laughable. They consciously apply a bizarre enamel of eccentricity in the hope they will be mistaken for paragons of intellectual individuality.

Admitting it is possible to over-stress individuality, we think in our western universities we go to the opposite extreme, tending to be conventional and gregarious, rather than individual and independent. We are ashamed to be different from the herd. We took on the man who writes poetry because he wants, or works on a problem in a laboratory until twelve at night, as queer. He is not like other people, so we fear rather than admire him. He is not accepted by the group and because of this the new student will not follow his example. The latter fears that if he has the courage to be an individual, he will be branded as an exhibitionist, and forbidden to taste the standardizing cake of fraternal snobbery. Nothing could be more destructive to individual thinking than this attitude, which is lamentably contagious. We must be conventional to a certain extent if society is to survive, but need we cater to public opinion to such an extent that our personalities are of a pattern? Do we at the University of Alberta encourage individuality of thinking, and do we cultivate a desire and respect for learning? To do so would build up a university tradition worth following by new students. This should be the university spirit: an unquenchable thirst for knowledge and not that rather sickening university spirit analogous to patriotism, which implies to us a biased intolerance of others, and a blind conceit that "we" are the best. If we were successful in building up such a tradition and acquiring such a spirit we would graduate into the world with—to quote from Norman Douglas—"a university tone rather than a university taint."

## PEACE OR WAR

Peace, peace at any price, but peace, is the theme-song of the period. The refrain has remained at a sustained pitch for so long that its monotony has lulled us into unconsciousness of its meaning. Peace for the world is an economic necessity; our civilization dare not risk itself in another world imbroglio. Yet where is this security of which we dream? Must we wait for it until it can be based on a democracy of nations, and on the brotherhood of man the world over? There is little assurance that the world is ready for that now, or that it will be in any near future. But peace we must have, and it is not an impossibility that we should have it.

The peoples of England and America are the dominant leaders in the peace movement today; in both of these great nations both government and people ask for peace. To be quite honest with ourselves, we may as well admit that though we do desire peace, this desire does not arise entirely from ethical sources. The fountains which fed jingoism and dollar diplomacy have not yet completely dried up. Yet why should not these two great nations desire peace, on the frank admission that it means, for a good long time in all likelihood, the maintenance of the status quo? There need be no new selfishness at least in it; there is in any case little left in the world of new territory or new power that needs to be sought by either nation, and perhaps the present solution of the peace problem lies in the acceptance of their present position of leadership in the world as a moral responsibility. The hegemony of western civilization, which dominates the world, rests with the Anglo-Saxon peoples; let them assume moral responsibility commensurate with their present power, and speak peace to the nations.

We may as well admit the initial injustice and irrationality of such a dictated peace. The British Empire, for example, has expanded over the globe, while Japan, with a population of some 60,000,000, rapidly increasing, is faced with serious problems of space and food supply. Canada, one of the few remaining large areas of the world that has a sparse population, thinks it right to exclude Orientals, while China, with teeming millions most of whom are on a bare subsistence level, has had to pour into Manchuria some nineteen millions of surplus population since the century began. We are as yet so far from the brotherhood of man that even our most ardent peace propagandists have not suggested that we have space to spare; if ever they did, who would be the first to howl them down? We could not maintain our standards at all under any such movement of alien peoples; and the calm assumption of many enthusiasts that they can have their own brand of civilization preserved in full in a world that acknowledges full brotherhood is simply foolish dreaming. We are scarcely ready to let our national life, and such ideals as we have developed, be submerged altogether, or reduced to the status of the peculiarities of a caste.

May it not be that the highest duty the Anglo-Saxon peoples owe to the world is to preserve and use for the general good such power and position as they have? Without the power and position our desire for peace would not avail us much; with them, and with the will to carry aright our moral responsibility, we might give the world peace. Why blink the fact that this would mean peace backed by all the force at our command? It could be a peace as just as was consistent with our determination to hold on to the power that put us in a position to speak peace to the nations; our justification for hanging on to power and place would be that we were fair and just; and that the world was perhaps better off so than it would be without us. That would be peace, backed by all the steel that was needed, of course, but it would at least be peace, a Pax Romana.

If we cannot trust ourselves to use our power for the general good, where are we to find some cause for any hope? Power is a scarce commodity, and having been once gained, it is a pity if it is not used for good ends. If anything prevents the suggested use of Anglo-Saxon dominance in the world, it is more likely to be sentiment than sense.



Dec. 2, 1934.

Editor, The Gateway.

Dear Sir,—Your recent comments on war, though much opposed by facile optimists, smack of good sense to me. The usual abuse of war as a "scourge" or "horror" or "nightmare" certainly expresses a truth of fact, but there is another side of the whole matter that is worth noticing.

Horrible as it is, war seems to have been of considerable service to mankind and that in curious ways. The threatened war in Siberia illustrates what I mean. When it is over, the first phase of the settlement of this world will be finished. Every valuable land area will then have been brought under the sway of our industrial civilization, whether it be through the political leadership of Russia or Japan. China is too soundly asleep to be considered. My whole point is that the first colonization of the earth will then be finished.

Looking backwards one can easily see how war has effected a slow but certain dispersion of the human race into every corner of the world useful to man. There is always disproportion, of course—just enough to prevent the thorough soundness of these generalizations. China, India, Japan, and Italy are, or shortly will be, overpopulated. Canada, Africa and Australia are under-populated. What will be the final outcome I cannot presume to say. But it does seem reasonable to suppose that in the future, as in the past, force of arms will be the agency causing this vast reshuffling of population.

To anticipate a criticism, let me add that I am not a militarist; I am not counselling war as an instrument of perfecting man or prescribing where groups should live. What I do maintain is that beneath the veneer of cultures everywhere, East and West, beneath the splendid achievements in art, religion, morality, law and communal life in this world, there appears to be an inexorable necessity working out its own significance independently of human will, however good it may be.

This argument carefully elaborated by someone more competent than myself would have a salutary effect on our attitude to war. We should learn the meaning of acting "as if"—though the historically necessary war must come, yet we could work for peace more deeply aware of the tremendous magnitude of the task. Sadder, perhaps, but much wiser too, student pacifists would begin to see that progress, if there is such a thing, is a process of generations, centuries it may be. Whatever may be the full truth of the matter, and that is not given to pacifist or militarist as such to know, a view somewhat larger than either seems willing to take might be rewarded with some real knowledge of the place of war in civilization.

Yours,

METTIADES.

## APOLOGIA FOR SCIO

Editor, The Gateway.

Dear Sir,—I was much interested in reading the letter published in your last issue and signed by one who modestly refers to himself as "Scio." From the torrent of his eloquence I gathered that the "knowing one" was praising war in general, and calling aloud for a revival of the spirit of jingoism as it flourished in the glorious days of the nineteenth century, when the British Empire was "top dog." I would like to make a few comments on that letter.

When examined closely, the arguments in favor of war as an institution appears.

The letter starts out in the best "boiler-plate" style by taking a few swats at those "addeheaded nincompoops" who "blat" against war. (One of the peculiar characteristics of the professional militarist is his substitution of parade-ground abuse for logical argument.) Then it gets down to cases, and informs us that we in Canada are living in a fool's paradise and that our boasted security is nonsense. Scio assumes (quite correctly, I think) that our chief basis of security lies in our nearness to and close relations with the United States, and in the protection of the Monroe Doctrine. He glibly asserts that the Americans are a race of "gum-chewing slaves" and that they will never stand up to the bold fighting-men of Japan, Russia and Europe. When Japan has properly trimmed the degenerate Yankees, and is dictating peace to a captive congress, she will take care to secure Canada as part of the booty. The grim tragedy will end with an affecting scene showing the effete Canadians, awakened at last from their fool's paradise, being marched out in chains to the tune of the "Prisoner's Song." Therefore if we wish to avert this threatening calamity we must get ready for war and imitate Mussolini by enrolling the population from the cradle up.

The whole vision of the future which Scio sees is so absurd as to be laughable. Our disciple of Nietzsche, like so many Englishmen, assumes that the Americans can't fight. Several nations have made the same mistake at various times, invariably with disastrous results. I seem to recall that twenty years ago the lordly British, in spite of being "top dog," "self-disciplined" and "practised in the arts of war," were exceedingly anxious for the assistance of the "gum-chewing slaves."

It is always well to remember that, in spite of their occasional oddities, the American people have created, without assistance from any one, the greatest material civilization that the world has ever known, and that they have been abundantly able to take care of themselves and any nations under their protection. The idea of

Japan's being able to shatter the "pax Americana," and thus get control of Canada is particularly absurd. The Japanese are a vigorous and warlike race, and could doubtless defend themselves successfully against an American attack. But the United States would hand over Canada (and with it her long northern frontier) to a hostile nation only if she were decisively defeated. Such a defeat could only be inflicted by conquering the heart of the nation, the Mississippi basin. The idea of Japanese forces crossing the Pacific 8,000 miles or more in the face of a much stronger fleet, securing the west coast, and then fighting their way inland over mountains and desert until they emerged triumphantly in Chicago or St. Louis is ridiculous on the face of it. The Japanese would never even consider such a crack-brained enterprise as an attack on America itself. So long as Canada is on good terms with the United States she is safe from foreign invasion and interference. Under those circumstances, the utility of Canada's preparing to "win the wars of the future" seems anything but obvious.

Scio then turns his attention to war in general and narrates very neatly the stock arguments of militarism, arguments probably first enunciated by some cave-man who owned shares in the Consolidated Prehistoric Battle-axe Corporation, and thought the tribes were getting too peaceful.

There is the quaint old notion that the great periods of nations occur when they are most belligerent. Greece is cited as an example. I am but an indifferent classicist, but I always believed that the great period of Greek civilization (or at least of Athenian civilization) was the "Golden Age" between the end of the Persian wars and the outbreak of the Peloponnesian war. That was the age of Pericles, Socrates, Phidias and most of the other illustrious Greeks. During the disastrous Peloponnesian war and the struggles that followed it, Athenian civilization went pretty thoroughly to pieces. The great thinkers and artists were persecuted, superstition revived, democ-

racy was abandoned, and Athens sank to a stagnant provincial town. Rome was likewise corrupted and revived by continual wars. Her great time was the comparatively peaceful first century of the empire. The French revolutionary period, also cited as an example of a "burst of genius" during a time of war, seems to have produced nothing but new methods of tyranny, graft and mass murder. It stands to reason that war would unleash the most violent and anti-social emotions and passions, which speedily disintegrate the texture of society itself, just as a deadly virus disintegrates the human body. Consider the wave of vice, crime and cynicism which invariably envelops a nation after every war. True genius and its works are no product of war. Only geniuses of evil—Alcibiades, Robespierre, Napoleon Bonaparte—can breathe in that poisoned atmosphere. Such genius any state, ideal or otherwise, can easily dispense with.

Scio also states that every civilization that has "wallowed in the mire of peace" has been destroyed by barbarians. Presumably he is thinking of the Roman Empire, overwhelmed by barbarians, and the Mohammedan Persian-Arabian civilization falling before the Turks and Mongols. In each case, the attack of the barbarians was preceded by a long series of civil and foreign wars which so weakened and disrupted the state that it fell an easy prey to a handful of savages. Nations succumbed to the onslaught of barbarians only when they themselves sank through war to the barbarian level.

Scio concludes with an exhortation to read Nietzsche, the great prophet of militarism. May I humbly remind him that Nietzsche ended his days in an insane asylum, and perhaps draw conclusions. . . .

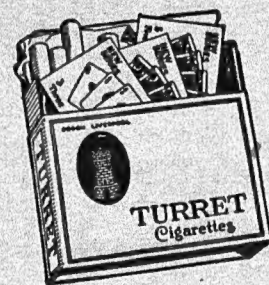
Yours respectfully,

STUART SHAW.

P.S.—It has occurred to me that the whole letter might be an attempt at irony, something like Swift's "A Modest Proposal." If so, I heartily apologize for my attempts at sarcasm.



## YOU'RE TELLING ME!

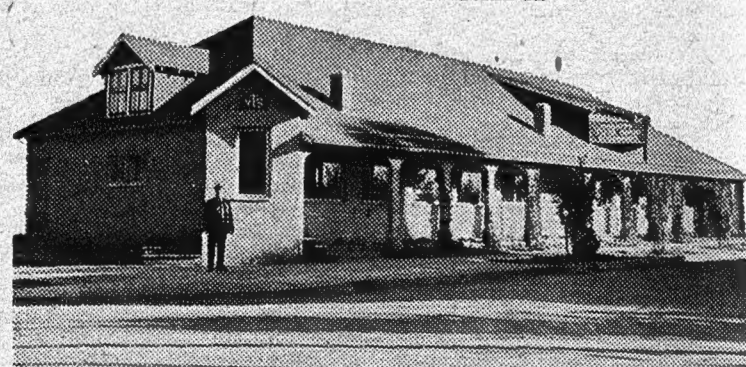


Quality and Mildness  
**Turret**  
CIGARETTES  
SAVE THE POKER HANDS

Smokers who appreciate real cigarette quality will tell you that Turrets are always cool and smooth and mild—as fine a cigarette as a man can smoke. And why shouldn't they be? Turrets are made from pure, sun-ripened tobacco—that's why they're stepping high and handsome in public favour.

## VARSITY TUCK SHOP

THE BEST IN CANADA



THE RAINBOW ROOM  
IS FREE FOR STUDENT FUNCTIONS

## The Rite Spot for Hamburgers

THREE STORES:

No. 1—10602 Jasper Ave. No. 2—10024 Jasper Ave.  
And the New Store  
No. 3—88th Ave. at 109th St.

50c TAXI

McFARLANE'S

PHONE 25337





## Are You Perplexed?

about what to wear

AT THE

## Junior Prom

Let This Problem Be Ours

All the Latest Styles of Evening Gowns  
at prices that will please you

## Irene's Ladies' Wear

*There's still time at McDERMIDS*  
Phone Your Appointment NOW — 25444

### The Corona Hotel Dining Room

For Charming Surroundings and Excellent Cuisine  
For Reservations Phone 27106

### COUGHLIN'S

## The Capitol Beauty Parlors

Edmonton's Oldest and  
Largest Permanent Waving  
Staff

### You'll Enjoy

A DAINY SANDWICH  
AND CUP OF TEA

In our Cosy Tea Room

## Merrick Drug Store

Birks Building

## GIVE STATIONERY

Few gifts in this price range  
are as usable, beautiful and  
delightful.

Special Christmas Design  
50c per box

We also carry a complete line of  
Christmas Greeting Cards

A. H. ESCH & Co., Ltd.  
Jasper Ave. at 104th St.

## Tivoli

Special Dance  
Every Friday  
Night

ORCHESTRA

Mel Hamill and His Revellers

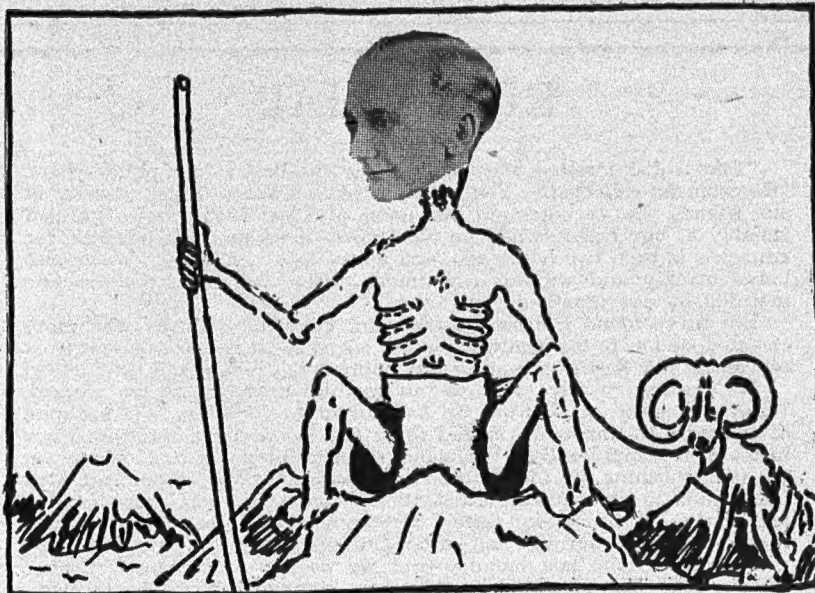
DANCING 9 TO 12

Admission, 25c Each

The Mezzanine may be reserved  
for special parties

Phone 22808

## OUR HALL OF FAME



### RE-MARK-ABLE McCLUNG

Was presented to Winnipeg on Oct. 18th, 1911. The effect of the "Windy" city was too much for him, for at the age of one he gained considerable renown by debating the question of Prohibition. The chronicles are vague as to his subsequent activities till he arrived in Calgary equipped with a comprehensive knowledge of classical and contemporary literature. Getting through high school, he attended Normal school, where his pathetic vocal rendering of "The Farmer's in the Dell" gained him first-class honours in practice teaching—he has since stated that he regrets the fact that he did not explain the presence of the farmer, or the purpose of the farmer, and that by accepting the bald fact of the farmer's presence without any proof except the statement of the song he committed a blunder which may have caused his tender charges to grow up in an atmosphere unblest by logic, and unaware of the virtues of reasonable doubt backed by a foundation of philosophical thought.

In spite of this, he entered the University in 1931 to grasp the fundamentals of Medicine, which apparently appeared elusive—accordingly he changed his course in 1932 to Honours Philosophy, thinking it better to minister to the mind than to bother with the body. In that year he debated in an Intervarsity debate, and in the following year represented the N.F.C.U.S. against Bates College—as a just reward he was elected President of the Debating Society for 1934-1935.

Possessing a brilliant mind and a verbosity unequalled by even McCormick, he has at times allowed his fluency to master thought—which is probably due to an excess of enthusiasm. Clad in a sheet his likeness to the "Mahatma" is so remarkable that it is little wonder he is known to many as the "Kandy Kid." By way of diversion, he swings a golf club with an accuracy that confounds larger but less skillful opponents, and under the influence of the subsequent ale completely subdues the company to a state of mental inertia with a loquacity which gathers momentum, and is as interesting as it is amazing.

Winning the Gaetz Prize in Philosophy 2 and gaining a first class in every subject in 1933-4 are but indications of what he can do—more students like Mr. McClung would help the University.

## — GUY FAWKES A DAY OF MYTH? —

The article published below appeared in "The Isis," an Oxford undergraduate newspaper, about 1890, and it was republished in many of the English newspapers of the time. We hope that it will be read for the first time by the students at the University, if not by the professors.

(From the "Journal of Britannic Studies," A.D. 2907.)

By Dr. J. Parafrazer.

In connection with the article we published recently a correspondent sends us the Isis, with the following clever skit on Dr. Frazer:—

In several curious fragments of the so-called Victorian civilisation we meet allusions to the festival observed on "Guy Fawkes" day, the fifth of the month November. Apparently the Guy, or Gai, as he should probably be called, was carried round the streets on a rude chariot, while the followers uttered incantations and caused some annoyance by repeated requests for money. At the conclusion of the procession the Gai was burnt on a large pyre, beside which some primitive form of pyrotechnic display was organised. Some of the chants have been preserved to us; one of them running thus:

Remember, remember, the Fifth of November,  
Gunpowder treason and plot;  
I see no reason why gunpowder treason  
Should ever be forgot.

And again—

Gai, Gai,  
It im\* in the eye;  
Stick im on a lam-post  
And there let im lie.

The purpose of this paper will be to throw some light on the origin of this interesting cult, hidden as it is under a mass of ignorant legend and foolhardy conjecture.

From the first, we must set aside as palpably aetiological the stratum of pretended history, which we may term the priestly myth. The well-known story of the man who attempted to de-

stroy the whole of the Executive, is condemned at once by its inherent improbability, and by the multitude of parallel examples of fabrication in the history of comparative religion. Even as late as the time of the seventh Edward it is doubtful whether the annihilation of the "Parliament" would have been looked upon as a national disaster. Nor is evidence lacking to show that the historicity of this incident was called in question by the early critics. In any case we cannot too clearly emphasise the fact that the mind of primitive peoples does not work in this way, prior to the dawn of the historic consciousness. But the legend is interesting as illustrating the rule that the new religion, as it supersedes the old, saddles it with the less amiable characters of its own mythology, so that the simple earth-hero becomes an exponent of the old creed, obstinately setting his face against the newer rival, and appropriately punished.

We must now turn to the name of the title-rolé. That the first part is connected by root with the Greek "Gaia," or earth, there seems no reason to doubt. Can we assign any similar meaning to the second? The great majority of critics have agreed in referring it to the Indo-European root of "fax" and "focus." But all attempts to establish such connections between languages radically different are little better than special pleading. It is impossible to resist the belief that we have here a trace of a very early totemism. We know that the Fox, or "vulpes communis," as we should call it nowadays, was regarded with superstition by the Britons; so much so that in spite of frequent depredations on farmers, it was held criminal to kill or even maim the animal. If, as seems probable, he was worshipped under the cultus-title of Rainard, it is well-nigh impossible to resist the suggestion that it was applied to him in his capacity as controlling the powers of nature, and consequently responsible for the fertility or otherwise of the crops. Now if we combine these sources of evidence, we arrive at the conclusion that "Gai Fox" is an earth-god of considerable antiquity, with the double name

arising probably from a confusion of cults.

What then is the meaning of the elaborate ritual above described? The explanation is not far to seek. We are close to the root of all the sun-myths, including the legend of Pentheus. The old year, represented by the stubble-image, is carried out amid execrations and assaults of apotropaic significance, and finally burnt in order to secure the safety of the next year's harvest. The bonfire represents the sun. Returning then to the second dithyrambic fragment above quoted, we may fairly assume that the lamp-post alluded to has something of the same significance. Finally, the fireworks would appear to be an appeal by means of sympathetic magic to the stars as nature-forces, or as controlling the destinies of men.

One more question will naturally present itself to us. Was it only a senseless image of the receding year that was first pelted in mockery and then burnt at the stake? Or may we trace a more sinister meaning in the silence of most ancient authors on this subject? Is it possible that here we meet an actual survival of human sacrifice in historic and nominally civilised times? Most critics have been content to scout the notion; Mr. Bilgeway, in a really eloquent defence of the period, has argued at great length against such a possibility. But we must not be too mealy-mouthed. We must not be prepared to read into the history of a thousand years ago those considerations of humanity and gentleness which are characteristic of our own. On the whole, if we are to face the probabilities squarely, we must admit that the presumption is in favour of the sterner view, and that in all likelihood the Fifth of November was stained annually with one of those orgies of superstitious carnage to which primitive religion is too sadly liable.

(Translated from the original Esperanto.)

\*There is little doubt that the aspirate did not exist in British at the period referred to.

†The argument that this only casts doubt on the fact, not on the existence of a popular belief to this effect, shows to what straits critics are reduced, if they insist on shutting their eyes to fact.

## STEEN'S DRUG STORE

10912 88th AVENUE

At the Car Line

Phone 31456

We Deliver

## Gift Suggestions for Christmas Shoppers

Stationery .....	35c to \$2.00
Fountain Pens .....	50c to \$2.00
Pen and Pencil Sets .....	\$2.00 to \$4.25
Cutex Sets .....	65c to \$4.50
Sets of Toiletries (Yardley, Grossmith and Potter & Moore) .....	50c to \$3.25
Coty's Perfume .....	60c to \$2.00
Bath Salts and Tablets .....	35c to \$1.10
Shaving Sets .....	\$1.00 to \$2.65
Yardley Shaving Bowl .....	\$1.00
Soaps, Compacts, etc.	
Rolls Razors .....	\$6.95
Chocolates (Page and Shaw and Moir's), per box .....	35c to \$2.00
Cigars and Cigarettes—Xmas Cards, etc.	

Shop at STEEN'S DRUG STORE

Now is the time to get Full Service on

## Your Christmas Photographs

The Only Gift Your Friends Cannot Buy For Themselves

Phone 21914 for Appointment

## GLADYS REEVES

(THE ART LEAGUE STUDIO)  
Over the Empress Theatre

SPECIAL ATTENTION GIVEN TO YEAR BOOK PHOTOGRAPHS

## FOR THE JUNIOR PROM

A Dainty Corsage or Shoulder  
Bouquet

## Edmonton Flower Shop

PHONE 21730

W. SLOCOMBE

10223 JASPER



## Velvet Ice Cream

The Party Favorite

BRICKS—DIXIES—LOG ROLLS—CAKES—NOVELTY CENTRES

FOR SPECIAL OCCASIONS

BEWITCHING NOVELTY MOLDS

WE CATER SPECIALLY TO  
UNIVERSITY AFFAIRS

## Edmonton City Dairy Ltd.

SUPERIOR DAIRY PRODUCTS

## The Garneau

TAILORS AND DRY  
CLEANERS

Expert Workmanship and  
Prompt Service

Phone 31378

Resident students, mark your Dry  
Cleaning for the "GARNEAU"

FOR BETTER EYE SERVICE

SEE WILLIS

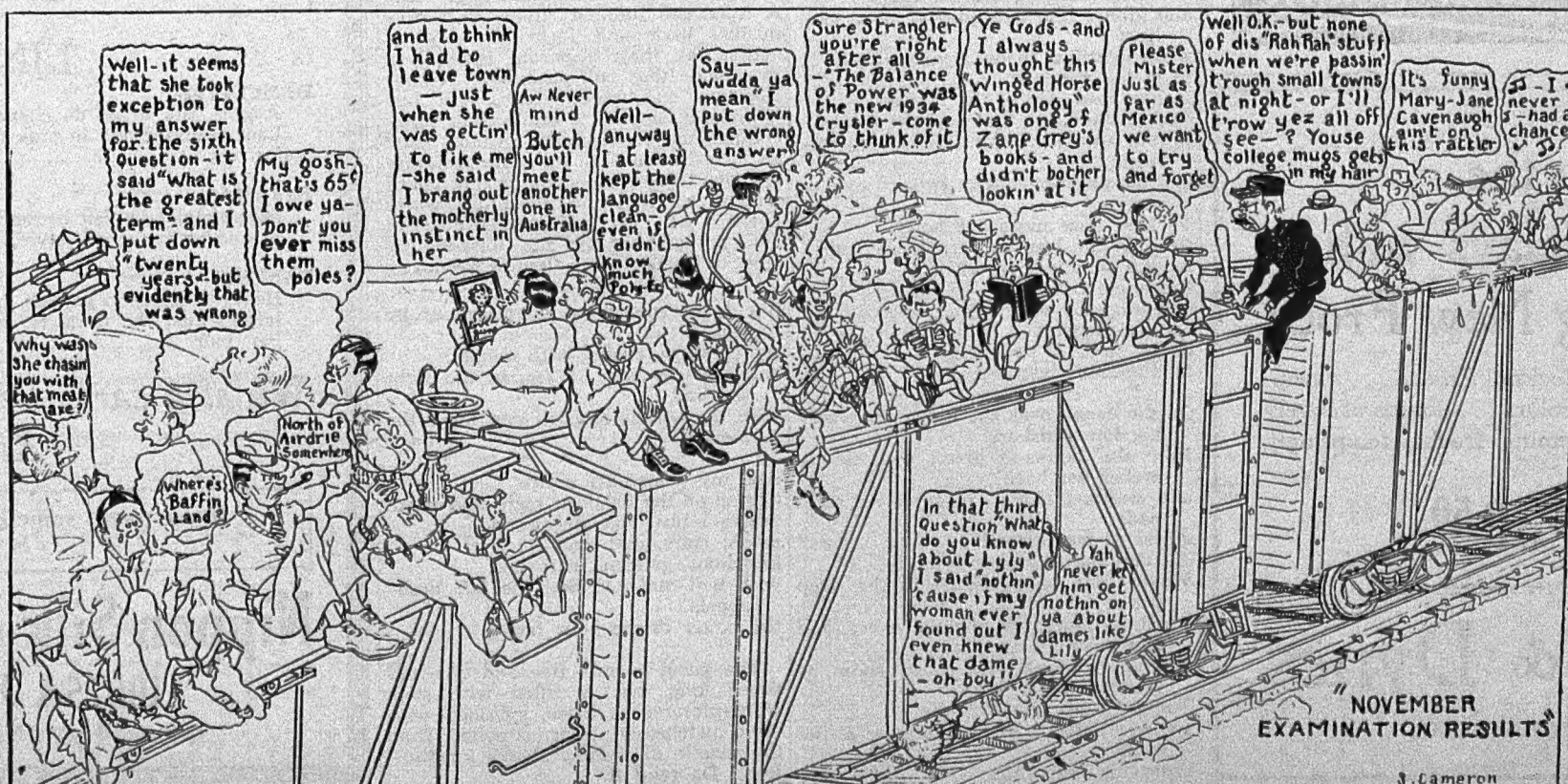
AND

SEE WELL

10115 101st St. Phone 25638

### LOST

Black Calfskin Purse, containing glasses, pen, change, etc., in House Ec Building. Please return to Publicity Dept.





# CO-ED COLUMNS

## "MADAME BUTTERFLY"

By D. H.

One of the best known operas of modern times is "Madame Butterfly," by Giacomo Puccini, and it is interesting to note that the plot has appeared in novel form, as a play, and finally as an operatic gem.

It is the story, pathetic and fragile, of a little Japanese "wife," Cho-Cho San and her American sailor husband. He sails away home, and she lives on in the land of blossoms, awaiting his return; he will come when "the robins nest again." Three years past. When Pinkerton returns, he brings his American wife with him, and is overcome with remorse when he finds Butterfly waiting for him. Butterfly commits suicide.

Puccini's score is tunelessly alive with Japanese folk songs and is remarkable in the extent of use and the consistency with which Japanese melody has been made the foundation of the music. Japanese music is arid and angular, and yet, so great is Puccini's skill in combining creative imagination and reflection, that he knows how to make it blossom like a rose. Against a background of music and rhythm rather than monotonous as is Japanese music, the islands of Japan blossom and the cherry trees bloom. The temple bells tinkle, and incense rises from in front of shrines, as geisha girls with black eyes and waving fans move in a graceful dance.

The opera touches on every string of human emotion, from the laughter of the gay little romance to the pathetic tragedy of the disappointment of Cho-Cho-San. Perhaps the most effective scene is the one in which Cho-Cho-San hears of Pinkerton's return, and runs excitedly to strip the garden of its

### CO-ED COGITATIONS

That restless morbid discontent  
Of gayety and boredom blent  
That gathers at this time of year  
Is just a pose. The Prom is near  
And with it comes the age-old guess,  
"I wonder if he'll like my dress?"

I wonder if the sap will think  
To ask me if my gown is pink,  
Or will he send, with greeting rare,  
A corsage too absurd to wear  
And have to like it while I lit,  
"But, dear, I couldn't have it wilt!"

I wonder if my hints have sailed  
Above his head, or have availed  
To get my program filled with men  
Who're in the public eye, so then  
Even my snottiest friend can't swear,  
"But dear I didn't see you there!"

I only hope he doesn't stall  
Around for tickets when they all  
Go to Juniors, who've paid en masse  
When he can join the Junior class  
With loss of prestige, but the gain  
Of having used his limpid brain.  
SMICK.

blossoms and to strew the floor with petals of flowers. Butterfly, her child, and her maid, await Pinkerton in the twilight that fades into night. The vigil lasts the whole night. The lanterns flicker and go out. Maid and babe sink down in sleep. Butterfly alone remains, waiting in vain.

Almost startling in its realism is the last scene, when Cho-Cho-San, realizing that she has loved in vain, determines to die. On the dagger are the words, "To die with honor when one can no longer live with honor," which reflect the Oriental philosophy of life and of death. Butterfly goes behind a screen and the dagger falls.

The opera is in essence a tragedy, revealing the soul of a Japanese butterfly creature who loves an Occidental, and too late realizes the impossibility of happiness in such a union. The music fits the scenes, at intervals giving way to the Italian style of lyricism, at times moulding scenes and atmosphere with the popular folk music of Japan.

## Princess Theatre

Showing

Wednesday, Thursday, Friday  
Special Double Feature  
Program

CONSTANCE BENNETT in  
"AFFAIRS OF CELLINI"

And

ALICE FAY, LEW AYRES in  
"SHE LEARNED ABOUT  
SAILORS"

Popular Prices: Adults 20c,  
Children 10c, Tax Extra

## CORSAGES

ARTISTICALLY ARRANGED—MODERATELY PRICED

IN VARIOUS COLORS

KERRISON &amp; ADAMS, LTD.

Opposite the Bay.

Phone 25866

McDermid  
Studios Ltd.  
will gladly make  
one or two extra  
pictures of you  
while they are  
taking your year  
book photo if  
you come prepared

McDERMID  
PORTRAITS MAKE  
IDEAL CHRISTMAS GIFTS phone 25444  
Make your appointment NOW... to suit you -  
There's still time at McDERMID!



Add New Zest to the  
Christmas Holidays with  
an exciting New Frock

Glamorous Evening, Dinner and Cocktail Frocks... sweeping lines, rich fabrics, fascinating colors... dozens of lovely styles to choose from... charming frocks, temptingly priced.

\$16.95 to \$39.50

Thompson & Dynes

THE CHRISTMAS STORE BEAUTIFUL

## EDITORIAL

"Take a disinterested view of life," say the best of our philosophers. "Be calm, be collected." Yes, we've tried it. We've smiled sweetly at our friends who've borrowed our notes and lost them; we've grinned amiably at our Editor when he has informed us that the deadline for editorials is past, two hours ago, and where in... is ours? We've also borne meekly and without resentment, three essays assigned in one morning by unsympathetic professors.

But we've found it doesn't work. Our character is in no whit more elevated, and as to the beautification of our soul—it is black as soot from repressing our desire to murder our oppressors quickly and completely!

We resolved to give vent to our feelings as much as we pleased. When our alarm clock froze up and forgot to go off on the morning of an exam, we threw the cursed thing out the window, and wiped our hands of it complacently. When our shoelace broke in three places on the same morning, we forgot to be calm, and gave vent to our righteous indignation to the complete satisfaction of ourselves, and overwhelming amusement of our room-mate. Everyone was thereby made much happier. And as for the half-dozen buttons that went "over the top" to oblivion in the last laundry—did we wear it in resigned silence? We did not. The aforesaid buttons were completely assigned to everlasting perdition. They were probably already there, having followed their comrades of the wash before, down the drain-pipe, but nevertheless that didn't matter.

All in all, our lives and the lives of our companions are thereby made much happier. Our character is ascending the golden stair of worth by leaps and bounds—and as for our disposition... Take life philosophically, calmly, collectedly? We should think not!

## FROM 7 TO 7

### Nurses' Tea a Success

The Senior class entertained at tea in the Soldiers' Hut on Sunday afternoon at 4 p.m.

Among the guests were Dr. and Mrs. Wallace, Dean and Mrs. Rankin, Dr. and Mrs. Washburn, Dr. and Mrs. McEachran, Miss Dodd, Miss Peters, Miss Smiley, Miss McKay, and the members of the Students' Council.

Miss Fenwick and Miss Chapman received the guests, who were introduced to the senior class by Miss Green.

The tea table, charmingly centred with golden mums and matching tapers, was presided over by Miss Turner.

Following tea, a tour of the hospital was conducted by members of the class.

Practise for Christmas, carol singing began on Monday, Dec. 3. We hope to see the usual enthusiasm displayed as in former years, and to make this year's carols the best yet. Who knows but that we may be able to bring a little Christmas cheer to those unfortunate enough to be ill and away from home at Christmas time.

## Marigold Pendulum

By Dudley Paro

The other day, while reading a book on gifted children, we came across a poem that a group of these youngsters chose as one of their favorites. After reading it through many times, we decided that it was too good to keep, and so we are passing some of it on to those of The Gateway readers who sometimes do glance at our worthy page. Here it is:

"Thunder hops on the garret roof,  
rain scampers over the shingles,  
old father Gol with a flash of his testy eye  
slams the golden window of Paradise,  
pulls a torn shade across eternal splendor."

But let us sit with an open book on our knees  
turning pages the pedantic worms have annotated  
with crabbed wisdom and obscure geometry,  
when midwifery inscribes with a blue pencil  
poems in forgotten alphabets,  
and when the storm pauses  
to shake the dark hair from his eyes  
and resin the bow of his cracked fiddle,  
we shall hear the green humming of rain  
as it lays a cold cheek on the cobwebbed glass,  
all those curious noises that the dust makes gently settling  
on the cracked furniture of discarded lives.

All night the wind round the house  
hugging his sides with laughter.  
Thunder tramped clumsily to and fro  
in the garret  
dragging trunks and old bookcases over the ceiling.

The women folk pattered upstairs and down,  
closing draughty doors, seeking each other's beds  
to mix their long undone hair  
and gibber like bats in cavernous twilight  
when lightning thrust a yellow paw  
in at the window.

I alone was glad of the tumult,  
glad of the storm that kept me awake  
to put my arm round the lightning's neck,  
and clasping the tawny leopard against me.

To hear once more overhead  
through the hiss and crackle of rain  
on the smouldering world,  
the apple tree's gnarled hands  
caressing the weathered shingles  
on a night when I held  
in the circle of two arms  
all the sun's hoarded gold.

On the barn's peak the moon sits washing her whiskers.

Now she blinks a green eye, slowly  
arches her back,  
and walking along the gable on satin pads  
glares at me hungrily.  
All day she looked so demure.  
When I lay on my back in the deep grass,  
watching her prowl the shy eaves, and  
leap over fences of blue  
I never guessed she could show so  
thirsty a tooth.

Tonight I am afraid of her.  
I wish she had not seen me here at the window  
observing her antics.

### An Interne's If

If you can get to work when all about you  
Are all at sea and don't know what to do;

Stand by your diagnosis though they doubt you,  
Yet, being wrong, can change opinion, too;

If you can take the "buck" they pass you without fussing  
Yet when you're house-man never do the same,

Or being "cussed out" don't give way to "cussing,"  
And yet don't look too fierce or yet too tame;

If you can think but end your thought in action,  
If you can act, but think and plan it, too,

If you can meet with either Death or Satisfaction,  
Nor let one crush, the other exalt you;

If you can miss the night's sleep yet be cheerful,  
As you go about the next day at your work,

If the unexpected finds you are unfearful,  
And the drudge and "scut-work" find you do not shrink;

If you can hear an old man's talk and be condoling,  
Yet know the thoughts and fancies of a child,

If the mother's fears can find you well consoling,  
And people's scorn and anger leave you mild;

If you can shoulder blame and not relay it,  
If you can see them turn your plans all wrong,

And being disappointed, don't display it,  
Yet make your comment where it does belong;

If you can "get along" with nurse and "Super,"  
And like them all yet love but only one,

If you can do some work that keeps you waiting,  
And withhold your judgment till your work be done;

If you can let your work advance another,  
If you can eat an interne's meal without complaint,

You'll be a real good interne, brother,  
In fact, you know, you'll almost be a saint.

B. Ashe—N.Y.

## SPORTETTES

With the experience of their first game against the Gradettes behind them, and a lot of confidence that comes from knowing their stuff, the green and gold should come out on top in their encounter Tuesday night at McDougall with the Gradettes. From what we hear of the All Stars, the game on Thursday should merit the upper gym being packed to capacity.

Green and gold naids were frolic-ing in their water haunts on Wednesday evening. Gay laughter and merry shouts echoed among the rocky tiles. A huge red inflated rubber skin was pushed back and forth on a wavy course, as they disported themselves at a game they call push-ball. Father Neptune encouraged them, and our nymphs attempted to outdo their finny companions in clipping seconds from all records. Some of the more sprightly nymphs tripped along the diving board and dived into the sparkling water below. All this indicates enthusiasm and preparation for the forthcoming meet to be held some time in January.

She is not nearly so attractive as by day,  
sly creature, rusted with mange,  
and one ear gone, I see, in the fight she had  
with the orange leopard that owns the morning.

And my poems are a fire  
lighted on the brink of night and death  
where I hurl like driftwood  
moon, stars, and sun,  
kingdoms, galleons, caravans,  
with hell and god and the fair arch-  
angels  
the better to see your face.

The poem is only five and one-half pages long, but is filled with such word-pictures as these, splashed with vivid patches of color, supplied from the palette of Dudley Paro's imagination. Do read it.

### CO-ED'S NIGHTMARE



After a hearty midnight snack of pickles, cheese, lobsters à la Newberg, and sauerkraut, one of our illustrious Pembinites dreamed that she was the fictitious Junior Prom Queen, as portrayed above.

## BY WAY OF HUMOUR

Scene—Nurses' lecture room.

Aileen Webster—What causes the heat in this room?

Dr. Levey—The stupidity of the atmosphere.

He said—Is this the place where they save wayward girls?

Matron—Yes, sir.

He—Well, will you save me one for Saturday night?

A certain senior nurse, likely Kate Chapman, complained to the Superintendent that the internes never pulled down their blinds at night. The Superintendent came to investigate, and looking out of the window said, "Why, I can't see anything from here." The senior answered, "But you can if you stand on the table."

## THE THEATRES

STRAND THEATRE, Wed., Thurs. and Friday, Dec. 5, 6, 7—Constance Bennett in "Outcast Lady" (adaptation of Michael Arlen's famous novel, "The Green Hat.")

EMPRESS THEATRE, Thurs., Friday and Sat., Dec. 6, 7, 8—Edmund Lowe in "Gift of Gab" and Frank Morgan in "There's Always Tomorrow."

PRINCESS THEATRE, Wed., Thurs. and Friday, Dec. 5, 6, 7—Constance Bennett in "Affairs of Cellini" and Alice Fay and Lew Ayres in "She Learned About Sailors"

RIALTO THEATRE—For one week starting Friday, Nov. 30, and ending Dec. 6th, "Those Were the Days," starring Will Hay.

## This Week's Specials

AT THE

## NIPPON SILKS



## HOSIERY

### SEMI SERVICE WEIGHT

A beautiful, pure thread silk stocking, reinforced by lisle top and foot to give better wear. Full fashioned. Per pair 59c

### CHIFFON HOSE

A clear and sheer chiffon, in twelve lovely shades to choose from, full fashioned. Per pair 69c

### CREPE HOSE

A cobwebby sheer crepe hose, with reinforced top and foot, to ensure longer wear. Permanent dull finish, full fashioned. Per pair 79c

### FREE

A beautiful, hand-painted Wooden Panel Calendar will be given free with every purchase of \$1.00 or over.

## LINGERIE

### DANCETTES

A pure silk crepe de chene set of undies, that will delight you. Lace trimmed and in pink and tea rose. Per set 98c

### PYJAMAS

Latest styles in that heavy rayon knit, beautiful colors in one or two-piece style. Per pair \$1.89

### PANTIES

Heavy knit rayon panties, in lace trim. Sizes small, medium and large. Just the thing for everyday wear. Per pair 49c

We also carry Dress Goods, Novelties  
Kimonos

If you want something different, "NIPPON" is the place

Nippon Silk & Products Co.

10075A Jasper Avenue

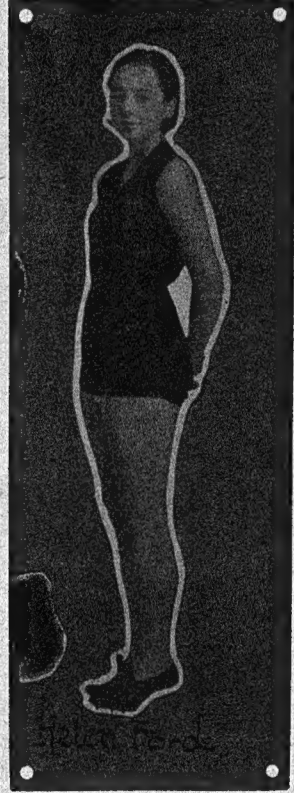
Between Bank of Montreal and Capitol Theatre



## WOMAN'S PLACE IS IN THE HOME



KAY BINGAY



The above pictured Portia from the prominent firm of Bingay, Ford, Ford and Bingay, will defend the proposition that woman's place is in the home against the persuasive protestations of Pauline Pitfield and Sheila Stewart Thursday evening in what promises to be an open forum of great potency. Special constables will be strategically placed to prevent hair pulling, should the protagonists become peevish. The pandemonium of patter will commence at 8:15, and people planning to attend are advised to be on hand early to get seats.

We wonder what is to become of the home if women are going to leave it. If women leave the home, it means that men will probably get so they can go home and remain there. However, come on out Thursday and see what the women think.

## DRAMAT CRITIQUE

(Continued from Page One)

good voice to advantage. There was a tendency on her part to move too much from the waist when a simple step or two to either side would have solved her problem.

We come now to the chief delight of the production—Mr. Parker Kent's ebullient interpretation of M. Sourcier, the "Crystal Gentleman." Contrary to general opinion, it is no easy task to

remain consistently amusing for thirty minutes. There is no opportunity for the actor's soul to help him through the weak spots. The actor's wits must be functioning at top speed continually, co-ordination of voice and action must be perfectly adjusted and the pace must never slacken. Mr. Kent's timing was a sheer joy to watch and his longest speeches were delivered with sparkling enthusiasm and unflagging vigor. He has appropriated the ticks of the old character actors to advantage. He does use them well, although he fell back

too often on one particular gesture, which upon its fourth or fifth appearance in as many minutes reminded one very forcibly of the flippers of a trained seal. One waited for him to start balancing his paintbrush upon the end of his nose. Mr. Kent also found difficulty in keeping his eyes away from the audience. Perhaps a little direction would have helped him in this case. It would be too bad to leave his performance without some mention of his "jungle call." It was an achievement in itself. When all is said and done, the Junior Class gave us entertainment, completely mad and thoroughly enjoyable.

In presenting "There's No Fool," the Senior Class were actuated by worthy motives in introducing to us one more Alberta playwright. There can be no doubt that Mr. Farrell's play contains familiar background and straightforward dialogue, but his treatment of the subject suggests nothing more nor less than cheap melodrama. All the stock situations occur with clockwork precision, and no attempt is made to conceal the mechanism. Motives are unintelligible, emphasis is diffused and characterization is weak. To the sincere efforts of the director and cast of the Senior Play must go considerable credit for the sympathy which they aroused in the audience for this production. Mr. Ringwood handled an almost impossible task with careful diligence, and finally had to be content with the creation of a false sentimentality, which was at least consistent throughout. Miss Margery MacKenzie struggled desperately with the part of Isabel, but could not begin to establish a characterization with the meagre material which the author placed at her disposal. The part of Emma seems to have been the only one which the author saw with any degree of finality. For that reason Miss Norma Christie's interpretation achieved a measure of success. Her cold, snarling voice, and plunging walk combined to give a performance which compelled attention. The minor characters were well fitted into the general setting, largely by the skill of the director.

Mr. Alan Macdonald's playing of the old man has been left to the last because of the difficulty in evaluating it. The author of the play obviously concentrated his attention on the development of Joe Parkinson's character, but he has confused the issue by his failure to establish the character of Isabel. The audience is left with the question: Well, what's the point anyway? It should be said at once that Mr. Macdonald's performance was very fine, but it was obvious that throughout the whole play he was trying to clarify the issue, trying to bring a definite quality to his portrayal. His movements and gesture were nearly always carefully timed and he achieved one or two moments of quiet power with admirable restraint. In the scene where he removed his boots and walk-

## Melancholy Meanderings of a Mathematical Mastermind

(Respectfully dedicated to the Mathematics Department)  
The Poet Invokes the Spirit  
Oh great Descartes, in manner deferential  
I seek your help in matters most essential.  
Pray look on me with not unkindly gaze  
And bring me comfort in these dismal days.  
I am beset, nay, I am nearly done  
By Mathematics 7 or 21.  
Be not amazed (I know not who's to blame),  
The numbers differ, but they mean the same,  
Which goes to show . . . what boots it to repeat,  
The rose by any name will smell as sweet.  
But understand, you must not reke your will  
Upon your proselytes or deprecate their skill.  
Hard do they toil, to spread your magic lore,  
They do their best—no human can do more.  
Much of their seed, experience has found  
Remains unfertile upon barren ground  
And I myself am rather barren earth,  
Judge not by me, our Math professor's worth.

The Spirit Provokes the Poet  
Unworthy one, why this interrogation,  
All, all is solved by differentiation.  
Remember this, it's well within your scope,  
Dx, Dy, the function and the slope.  
Reverse the process with hesitating,  
Apply with zest a little interrogating.  
Come mend at once your logarithmic ways

And so escape your experimental haze.  
Revise the laws of Trigonometry,  
Do you all this and come again to me.  
Fight the good fight, an either do or die,  
Trust in the Lord and keep your powder dry.

The Poet Wearily Succumbs  
I, x.y.z in manner sad and weeping  
Resign my soul unto your gentle KEEPING,  
One further word, may I escape your wrath

Too many COOKS are bound to spoil the broth,  
Which matters not for from the ads we find  
That CAMPBELL has been tinned in every kind.  
I now at last lay down my weary pen,  
What man has done, why man SHELDON again.

TEEWEE.

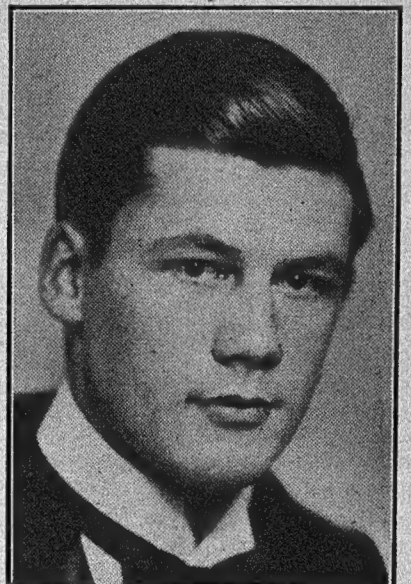
ed over to the stove he came perilously near to comedy. It is worth repeating that the director of this play in combination with his cast did bring something out of practically nothing, and for that we should be duly grateful.

If the remarks concerning these last three plays have seemed unnecessarily harsh, please bear in mind that the productions were of uniformly high standard. The object has been in each case to try to show what might have been done to avoid errors that lend themselves to correction.

## THE BEST PLAYERS



MARG ALDWINCKLE



ALLAN McDONALD

## BILGE

## Reviews the Plays

The Fresh Play—Dead.  
The Soph Play—The lighting was fairish; Aldwinckle was beautiful, as usual.  
The Junior Play—Our choice. Parker Kent was good, his laugh perfect. Jack Garrett makes an ideal lunatic.  
The Senior Play—We found this play rather gripping; however, that does not prove that the play was good, but merely that we are still addicted to occasional fits of sentimentality. The thing was quite well done though, we admit, even if better suited to performance by the Young People's Society of practically any church.  
We have been to better Interyear Play competitions.

## STRAW OR OTHER FODDER, Wanted for Export

HAY PRESSES, HAMMERMILLS AND CUTTING BOXES  
can be placed for full winter's work

SHERIFF MALCOLM MCGREGOR, Courthouse, Brandon, Manitoba

## EXTENDING YOU A CORDIAL INVITATION

TO VISIT

## THE POODLE DOG INN

(Just West of the Strand Theatre)

SPECIALIZING IN EXCELLENT

## COFFEE and TEA

ALSO A VARIETY OF TASTY SANDWICHES AND PASTRIES, ETC.

Our foodstuffs are prepared with the greatest of care to meet the taste of those who desire the unusual in Lunch Counter fare.

## Modern Library Titles

214 Titles at \$1.10 per volume

17 Titles at \$1.50 per volume

WE HAVE THE COMPLETE LIST IN STOCK

Write or call for the printed list

The largest stock of Books in the city

## The Willson Stationery Co.,

Limited

10080 Jasper Avenue.

Phone 23475

## ST. JOSEPH'S CAFETERIA



Who said it was a "jolly good place for a Spot o' Tea?"

## Personal Greeting Cards

SEE SAMPLE BOOK

A LARGE DISPLAY OF OTHER CARDS at 5c (50c doz.)

And 2 for 15c (75c doz.)

## UNIVERSITY BOOK STORE

There's still time at McDERMIDS  
PHONE 25444  
MAKE THE APPOINTMENT FOR YEAR BOOK PHOTOS NOW

The clang and whirl of great printing machinery will soon commence on production of the new EVERGREEN AND GOLD.

The increased size and advanced design demand an earlier start than ever.

All class pictures must be in by December 20th

Heed ye!



# SCIENCE, PHARM-DENTS OPEN LEAGUE WITH WIN

## May Be a Five Team League For Women's Hockey

Coach Al Wilson Comments on Prospects

Though there will not be anything settled definitely until the meeting later on this week, the rumors have it that a five team Intermediate Women's Hockey League will operate this season. Last year there was a three team intermediate league and two teams in the senior section. It is expected that all teams will enter in the intermediate section this year. This will speed up play to quite a considerable extent, and we think some smart hockey will result.

As last year, a Varsity team will be entered. Three other entries will probably come from the Monarchs, Rustlers, who were Dominion champions last season, and the Muttart girls. The name of the fifth team has not been decided on.

### Marg Stone Looks Good

Coach Al Wilson has not cut his team to playing strength, but has many good prospects to choose from. Marg Findlay is showing up well in goal. This Freshette has had little experience, but is topping them from all angles. Nan Evans, a dependable veteran from last year's squad, will be performing on defense. Her running mate will be Marg Stone, a Freshette, whom Al says is the best find of the season. She can skate, stick handle and packs a nice shot. Her rushes should be dangerous this year.

### Big Squad

Trying out for the centre position are Jane Laidlaw and Lois Boomer. Jane is another good prospect. She uses her head, and much is expected from her as a playmaker. Lois is small but fast, and should be a thorn in the side of any opposition.

Alice MacDonald, a Freshette trying out for left wing, is a strong skater, and with a little more experience should look like a regular. Ruth Hazlett, another Freshette, needs to improve on her skating, but she's coming along fast.

On the other wing Barbara Burns knows her hockey, but needs to improve her skating. Thelma Bailey is inexperienced, but is shaping up well. The other girls were all members of last year's team. Jean Smith is a hard working, aggressive player. Phil Mullin is trying hard to hold her place, as is the back-checking Bernie Smith.

## SPORTSHOTS

By Art Kramer

Two Varsity squads went down to defeat last night as our Golden Bear puckchasers took a 6-3 beating from the Soops and the girls' hoop team again fell before the sharpshooting of the Gradettes.

A score of 4-3 would have better described last night's hockey fixture. For two periods our green and gold gang held the Soops on an even footing and until "Lefty" Grove ripped in the Soops' fourth goal it looked like a good night's work for the Bears.

Bill Stark and Jack Dunlap, two newcomers with the team, did some nice work on the ice, and with this opening game under their belts, should go great guns next Thursday when they step out against the Dominions at the Varsity rink.

Although scoring two goals of Varsity's total, Al Wilson's second line of forwards looked rather weak. They passed up plenty of scoring chances that might have changed the complexion of the game had they been on their toes.

The Science and Pharmadents did right noble in their opening games of the "A" section of the Interfac League. Boles and McCullough copped the scoring honors and looked pretty good all round. Fireworks should be in order when these two squads tangle.

Our soccer enthusiasts closed a very successful season with a banquet last Saturday night. The team did much to revive interest in the game this year, and if Mr. Taylor's suggestion of intersarsity games is carried through, soccer should again take a prominent place among the sports on the campus.

## VARSITY RINK OPEN SUNDAY

Band to Be in Attendance This Wednesday and Perhaps Friday

Sunday afternoon at three o'clock many gaily attired couples could be seen wending their happy way to the Varsity Rink, that imposing structure which stands just south of the campus. Here they gleefully donned the glittering blades, and swept onto the perfect sheet of ice to go gliding around to the strains of familiar tunes, played on the orthophonic. There was quite a crowd there, and many were the spills, some graceful, some not.

The feature of the afternoon was the innovation of a spot skate. This is an adaptation of the spot dance, and the couple lucky enough to be nearest a chosen spot when the music ceased was presented with two free passes to the Rialto Theatre. These passes were presented by Dr. Rutherford.

The crowds which are attending the rink during skating hours is such as would gladden the heart of any secretary-treasurer, and everybody seems to have a marvellous time, be they good, bad or indifferent skaters.

**By Way of Humour**  
Cara Evenden—This is the twelfth time you've been to the refreshment buffet.

Jack Cameron—Oh, that's all right! I tell everybody I'm getting something for you.

JACK DUNLAP



Former left wing with the Stettler Seniors in the Big Six, showed the boys some small town stuff in a big way last night. His snappy work at center ice is well worth watching.

## SOCCER TEAM FETED AT BANQUET SATURDAY NIGHT

### INTERCOLLEGIATE SOCCER PROPOSED

The Varsity Soccer Club wound up its season's activities with a banquet that quite compensated the players for all their hard-fought battles, when some seventeen club members and friends sat down to a tempting spread in the Rainbow Room of the Varsity Tuck last Saturday evening. Guests of the occasion were Mr. Geoffrey Taylor, Art Brown and L. E. Weekes.

After the toast to the King, the club president, Clarence Weekes, briefly reviewed the past playing season. Nine games were played altogether—won 5, drew 3, and lost 1. Total goals scored 18; goals scored against the team, 6. Nineteen players had donned jerseys this season, which spoke well for the revival of soccer interest on the campus.

Ray Ure proposed a toast to "Our Graduating Players," Philip Rocke and Jack Convey. This was replied to by Jack Convey, who has coached the green and golds all season. In his reply, he expressed a wish that the club would make it an annual custom to play the staff. Concluding his remarks, he proposed a toast to the success of the club. Mr. Taylor next spoke a few words to the club, suggesting in encouragement of soccer that an effort be made to get competition with Saskatchewan another year. A bit of humor was provided by a short talk given by L. E. Weekes, who produced caricatures of soccer players and Varsity life. The gathering broke up after making plans to have their group picture taken.

Those present were: Jack Bowden, Jack Convey, Philip Rocke, Ray Ure, Bernard Ower, Bill Fraser, Tony Whiteside, Elvins Spencer, Cressy Marfleet, Dante Ubertino, Campbell Tate, Clarence Weekes, L. E. Weekes, C. Sanbury, Art Brown and Mr. Geoffrey Taylor.

## BADMINTON CLUB HAS SEEDED STARS

The Varsity Badminton Club is again entered upon a season of activity and expect to be right in the swim for city and Alberta honors this year. Alberta Varsity will enter teams in the Interclub League as in previous years.

Barbara Jarman, Freshette, is well known in local badminton circles. She is the winner of four provincial titles in 1933, and in 1934 was co-holder of the ladies doubles and runner-up in the ladies singles events. Peggy Aitken is the present holder of the provincial ladies' singles title and three Edmonton ones. A. G. "Three Touch" Cooper was city champion in 1933, and was co-holder of provincial men's doubles the following year.

George Crawford was the holder of two city titles last season, while Guy Morton won the provincial junior

## INTERFAC PUCK MEN OFF TO GOOD START

Science and Pharm-Dent Squads Open League With Wins as Boles and McCullough Star

The 1934-35 hockey season became a fact on Monday night when the Varsity Rink was the scene of an interfac double-header, the Engineers downing Arts 5-1 in the initial battle, while Pharm-Dent blanked Meds 2-0 in the second.

For the first games of the season both showed a good brand of hockey, and what the boys lacked in technique they more than made up for in energy.

### Bergman Scores First Goal

In the first game Jack Bergman took the honor of scoring the season's first goal when he beat Prevey on a solo effort early in the first period, Boles adding another soon after. In the second period Pete Gordon tallied on a pass from Vern McKee, and Boles scored his second goal on a pass from Gordon, to make it 4-0 for Engineers. In the final stanza the teams got one apiece, Andy Lees scoring for Engineers, while Lou Goodwin chalked up Arts' lone counter on a pass from Desrosiers. Penalties were: Denovan 2, Boles and Robertson 1 apiece.

### Lineups

Science—Goal, Chuck Devaney; defence, Hargreave, Boles, Lees; forwards, Robertson, Gordon, McKee, Bothwell, Bergman, Garbott.

Arts—Goal, Prevey; defence, Denovan, McLaws, Jamison; forwards, Ussher, Smith, Darrah, Goodwin, Oatway, Desrosiers.

The game was ably handled by Bob Cruickshank, Al Millar acting as casual adviser.

The second game of the evening saw action in its most concentrated forms, both teams laying on the pressure, the hickory and the ice from the opening bell. It was anybody's game from going to gong, especially the first two periods, when the pace was unusually fast.

### McCullough Stars

McCullough, Pharm-Dent forward, scored on a lone effort early in the first period and again in the second on a pass from Johnson, thus being the lone goal-getter of the game. Stewart, Pharm-Dent goal tender, blocked 19 shots as compared with 12 stopped by McHall. McCullough and Stewart looked especially good in the Pharm-Dent ranks, while John, hard skating little centre of the Meds, turned in an excellent effort. Jennijohn was the only bad man of the game, drawing a two-minute rest in the first period.

### Lineups

Pharm-Dents—Goal Stewart; defence, Holmes, Jennijohn; forwards, Kendall, Moore, McCullough, Johnson, Leas, Anderson, Fraser.

Meds—Goal, McHall; defence, Oatway, Tomesewsky; forwards, Johnson, Johns, Bradley, Yoalkin, Fiske, Rex Young, Trott, McCurrah.

Referee—Bob Gibson.

singles and the men's doubles a year ago. Fraser Mitchell, another member of the team, is present holder of the men's provincial singles title.



SAVE UP A NICKEL,

SAVE UP A DIME,

AND WHEN YOU GET \$3.00

COME UP AN' SEE ME SOMETIME.

Dick Burns  
Pres. Senior Class



This advertisement, inserted at the request of the Senior class, makes an appeal for funds in its own peculiar way. The poster from which this cut was made was put up in the Arts Building, but disappeared very shortly after its unveiling—most likely some art-lover's work. The Gateway cannot too strongly condemn the action of such a person who, for the love of art, would steal such a poster, and we extend our sympathies to Mr. Burns for his bereavement.

Get Your Next Suit From

**Dittrich**

Smart Clothing and  
Fine Haberdashery

"Correct to the Last Button"

10164 101st Street

PHONE 27651

**Muckleston's**

BEAUTY PARLOR AND  
BARBER SHOP

10316 Jasper Avenue

Few doors west of Hudson  
Bay

SEE US FOR

**TUXEDOS**

FOR

**JUNIOR PROM**

**Edmonton Masquerade  
Parlors**

9913 109th St. Phone 21348

## Your Personal Appearance

MEANS A LOT IN  
STUDENT LIFE

To look your best, send your clothes to the  
Snowflake to be laundered or dry cleaned.

Leave your bundle in the Hall Office. We call for and deliver

**Snowflake Laundry and  
Dry Cleaners, Ltd.**

9814 104th Avenue

Phones: 25185-21735-25186

## Are You Prepared for Winter Sports?

LOOK OVER OUR EQUIPMENT

BASKETBALL SHOES

BASKETBALL SHORTS

IN VARSITY COLORS

ALSO SHIRTS AND SUPPORTS

HAND-MADE HARDWOOD SKIS  
Reasonably Priced

**SUCCESS**

AL WILSON  
THE VARSITY TEAM  
and the  
CITY SENIOR LEAGUE

HOCKEY STICKS  
SKATES, SHOES, PADS  
GLOVES  
AT LOW PRICES

We handle all repairs for any  
Sports Equipment

**WILLIAMSON & MILLS**

SPORTING GOODS AND SPORTSWEAR

Phone 23223

10123 100A Street

## TRUST FUNDS OF THE MOST SACRED CHARACTER

The funds administered by a life insurance company are, on the whole, the accumulations of small premiums or deposits of many people who by this means are protecting those depending upon them, and also providing a fund for the comfort and independence of themselves in their older age.

Such funds are frequently accumulated as the result of the practice of extreme thrift and consequently must be invested with extreme caution in order to guarantee the security of such funds. Such funds are entitled to a reasonable rate of interest and must obtain a reasonable rate of interest in order to guarantee the fulfillment of policyholder's contracts.

Never in the history of Canadian Life Insurance has one solitary company defaulted in its obligations to its policyholders. No other business in the world has such an unblemished record in this regard.

Many young men and young women who eventually become great men and great women "put themselves through" University by engaging in the business of life insurance. We will be glad to give you full particulars regarding a contract with The Commercial Life—Alberta's only home life insurance company.

**THE COMMERCIAL LIFE**  
Assurance Company of Canada

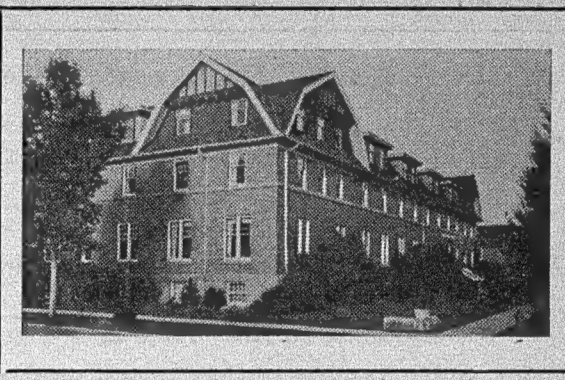


Head Office—EDMONTON, ALBERTA

J. W. Glenwright, Managing Director

E. B. H. Shaver, Secretary





## M. R. RUGBY DANCE ENDS FALL SEASON

Superiors Take Game 6-3  
In Closely Played Tussle

New Varsity Team Watched by Capacity Crowd in First League Fixture

Senior hockey got away to a flying start last night when the Soops, last season's city champions, took the Varsity team to the tune of 6 to 3. The play was fast and furious, with neither side getting any advantage till the last half of the final period. Up till this point it was anybody's game, with Varsity holding the edge in the first period and a decided advantage in the second. That steady, fast, experienced combination of Lefty Grove and the Brown brothers proved too much, and Varsity was left holding the loose end again.

Some nice material in hockey ivory was uncovered in Jack Dunlap and Bill Stark. Dunlap proved to be a honey of a playmaker, with speed to burn. Coupled with tricky Duke Ferguson, he rushed and stick-handled his way through the Soops for plenty yardage. Bill Stark and Jack Talbot worked sweetly on defense. The way they sandwiched the Brown boys was lovely to behold.

Coach Al Wilson's proteges showed the usual trained fitness that we have come to expect from his handling. They were aggressive, and show possibilities of giving the senior league something to worry about in the way of competitions. Finish around the goal was poor. Though Stuart turned in a nice job at goal, Varsity failed to capitalize on the many times that the net was wide open. Ralph Maybank did lovely work, especially at the times he was left wide open by Soops sweeping down the ice. We think he used poor judgment in rushing out a couple of times, but no one can condemn him for that.

**Soops Draw First Blood**  
The first period opened with a burst of speed on the part of both teams. Talbot and Stark were called upon early to display their prowess in turning back Soop rushes. Six minutes after play got under way Perce! made a neat getaway down the left boards, passed sharply to Crossland, beating Ralph Maybank by inches to check up the first tally of the year. One minute later Crossland again slipped the rubber by Ralph to make it read 2-0.

**Varsity Evens the Count**  
Despite the poor stick-handling that Varsity was displaying at this time, Scott and Woywitka managed to break away long enough for Scott to lay down a lovely pass that had Stuart baffled. Varsity was on its way.

Lamie was sent to the cooler for boarding, and Varsity turned on the power. The "Stuart clan" tried to break away several times, but Varsity kept pounding away. The ice was getting heavier all the time. Still, Bob Cruickshank sank the evener just before Lamie came back to the fray.

Willie Scott saved Varsity bacon—Superior brand—many times by his fast back-checking. That boy can do more than organize Proms.

During the period Maybank stopped 7 and Stuart 9.

## That Hectic Second Frame

The first line was going strong at the opener, but the second Varsity string didn't look so good in their innings. Gordie Watt, this new Soop defense man, late of the E.A.C., was doing good.

Both teams were in there with everything they had. Zender got his first chance to show the goods, and performed nicely. He teams up well with either Stark or "Maestro" Talbot. Joey Brown got to pushing the boys around, and drew a spell in the box, but Varsity didn't click on their rushes. When Joe came back on the ice he made up for it all by scoring the Soops' third goal just past half-time.

Pride seemed to be having difficulty getting a stick on the puck and keeping it there all through the game, but Dunlap showed some beautiful stick-handling to snare Varsity's last goal six minutes later, when Perce! was off. Maybank stopped 6 and Stuart 13.

**Then the Soops Got Going**  
Grove and Watt teamed up for the Soops next counter. Varsity fought hard all the way, but experience showed when Grove and Joe Brown again nicked the hump after Jones had done his bit.

**Summary**  
First period—Crossland (Perce!), 6:40; Crossland, 1:00; Woywitka (Scott), 7:00; Cruickshank, 5:35. Penalties: Lamie, Watt.

Second period—J. Brown, 11:30; Dunlap, 6:00. Penalties: Joe Brown, Perce!.

Third period—Grove (Watt), 4:09; Jones, 13:51; Joe Brown (Grove), 1:35. Penalties: Montgomery, Talbot.

**Lineups**  
Superiors—Goal, Stuart; defense, Lamie, Montgomery, Watt; forwards, Grove, Joe Brown, Bus Brown, Crossland, Jones, Perce!.

Varsity—Goal, Maybank; defense, Talbot, Stark, Zender; forwards, Pride, Dunlap, Ferguson, Scott, Cruickshank, Woywitka.

Referee—Clarence Campbell.  
Timekeeper—Joe Driscoll.

WEEKLY COMPETITION  
No. 4

Prize this week to be given for the best home-made proverb. Any person connected with the University eligible. Entries to be in by Dec. 8th.

ACTIVITIES OF  
THE COUNCIL

Last Wednesday evening several mothers of the city sent their young hopefuls to the College explicitly instructing them to attend the Philosophy lecture. However, these little boys and girls, strange to relate, were not interested in the mysteries of human experience, and so they sneaked off downstairs, and having exhausted their store of so-called jokes, they—they—held a council meeting!

Brooks arose, assumed a terrifying facial expression, called the little gathering to order, and sat down.

Paddy arose, bumped his head on the ceiling, and sat down. Unperturbed, he said, "Freddy, I've got a girl in New Orleans, and if we don't get those College Christmas cards soon, it'll be too late to send her one."

Second arose, seconded the motion, and sat down. (Sounds like a meeting of the standing committee to me.)

Brooks, being a confirmed woman-hater, promptly told the treasurer and vice-president that if they wanted Christmas cards, they could go to—the printers, and see about them. (We're hoping that the cards will be on sale by the first of next September.)

It was brought to the attention of the meeting that the Council had been requested to purchase wrestling mats. Miss Mayhood said, "Personally, I'm not interested in wrestling mats." Brooks was in favor of the suggestion, and since this was the case, the other giving as their excuse that it was the members promptly squelched the idea, duty of the Board of Governors to provide physical training equipment.

Time was passing. Jones yawned. Miss Durrell yawned. "Dutchy" was already dreaming about Judy. Morris and Tennant, being the only ones present who were partly conscious, quickly despatched the question of appointing a new Gateway editor.

Time was still passing. Jones, heard out because he wanted to driving the Phil. class breaking up, sneak-Miss Clapperton and Miss Aikenhead home.

Some one said, "What about the college dances?" "Dutchy" grunted. Some one else said, "I think so, too." And so far, far into the night.

When Mr. Collier entered the next morning to play around with his Chemistry apparatus, there they sat, our noble Students' Council!

## P. T. EQUIPMENT

Are we wrong to question the judgment of Mount Royal College as personified by the staff? Their failure to grant a subsidy for the purchase of gym mats seems in our lesser knowledge to curtail the activities of the compulsory P.T. course. The matter has been brought before the Students' Council, which after due deliberation has considered it the duty of the college to buy these mats, and furthermore, as we have received no support from the College in sports other than in allowing us the use of the gymnasium, we have little money left with which to support these college duties.

COLLEGE SCENE OF  
FINAL RUGBY EVENT

The rugby squad closed a triumphant season under the floodlights of the College Indoor Stadium Saturday night. The boys had read about certain U.S. teams carrying out their practice and even their games to musical accompaniment, and decided to give the idea a trial. Cecil Kappy and his band furnished the rhythm for the plays, which were carried out to perfection.

The casualties to the team in previous encounters apparently rendered several members unfit for action, as their places were filled by new players.

The kick-off at 9 p.m. put the play in Mount Royal territory. Action was exciting throughout. Barlow gained yards on practically every end run. The outstanding tackler was Mary Jane Cavanaugh. Miss M. Carrick, as judge of play, shared the excitement of the fans. Jack Lyons as quarterback called the signals and kept the team pepped up. At half-time the refreshment booths were besieged on all sides. At one point, nearing the end of the third quarter, the band played a heel and toe polka, while Miss Carrick and Mr. Burchill sought to determine an effective method of attack.

The final whistle sounded shortly before midnight, with the Mount Royal players earning a decisive victory.

FACULTY LIT  
HUGE SUCCESS

Tragedy "What Every Roman Nose" Delights Student Body

Mount Royal faculty disclosed their true natures in a powerful, heart-rending Roman drama on Friday afternoon at the second meeting of the Lit Society.

We wish to compliment Mr. Burchill, not only on his faultless attire (courtesy of the Rugby Club), but also on his calmness and fortitude under the most cutting circumstances. Miss Marshall, as Caesar's secretary, though seemingly above suspicion, gave an excellent characterization of, alas, a thoroughgoing vamp.

Miss Ross, as Caesar's wife, was not above suspicion, but she showed her mettle in dauntlessly confronting both the fierce lion and the slinky secretary. Mrs. Collier, as Portia, certainly knew her lions.

Mr. Purvis, as the subtle, and we fear, slightly tipsy Anthony, gained the plaudits both of the students and the mob. We suspect the latter were selected more for their scenic than sound effect.

Mr. Collier, as that crafty snake in the grass, Cassius, proved himself a past master of "holes in one" and subtle stratagem, assisted by his doughty follower, Mr. MacDonald, whose blow topped a little, but went down the fairway, thus bringing a note of happiness to what otherwise would have been stark tragedy.

Mr. Burke, although unaccustomed to public speaking, exhibited truly amazing oratorical power, although Caesar's ghost seemed to limit his loquacity.

Miss Joan Mayhood, chairman of the Lit, presided at the meeting, and in closing expressed the overwhelming delight of the crowded auditorium to Mr. Priestly and Mr. Collier for their authorship and production of "What Every Roman Nose." Its running gamut of clever puns will go down in M.R.C. history.



D'Alton Howe is unable to continue as Gateway Editor. We wish to thank him for the time and work he has expended on the paper this fall.

Gordon Bennett has also dropped his connection with the paper due to the pressure of his studies and outside work.

Shakespeare was all wrong! Friday the staff gave us the real dope in their Lit. presentation, "What Every Roman Nose." Roman life consists of golf practice, contract bridge and racketeering. All the students present had lots of pun.

Much pro and con discussion will

## Critique of Inter-Year Plays

By Eric Johnson

Those persons called to the estate of the dramatic critic have been so often accessories after the fact that they no longer regard the perpetrators of the actual crime with anything more than a certain complacency. One is constrained to believe that their true function would be to prevent the crime, but no one has been sufficiently courageous to suggest what naturally follows—that we can get along without either Mr. Nathan or Mr. Woolcott.

All of which means that the gentle reader is once more faced with the task of digesting a couple of columns of candid comment concerning the Inter-year Plays.

With regard to the Freshman presentation of "Sham," by Frank Tompkins, one must admit in all fairness that the players were probably quite as bored as the audience when at long last the end came. The play itself is deadly, and one cannot help but admire the fortitude of the Freshman cast and their grim tenacity in the pursuance of their duty. Mr. George Cornack, in the part of the Thief, gave a performance which was nearly always pleasing to watch for its poise and smoothness. Whether consciously or not, he has acquired a device which is quite rare among actors—the use of understatement. It can be very effective, but when carried through speeches of three to five minutes' duration, the result is monotonous, to say the least. Miss Margaret Hess evidently possesses a forceful personality, but she seemed unaware of the fact that the stage is a good place to use it. Her handling of the climax, the only real opportunity presented throughout the play, was disappointing. The grouping, on the

SUPPORT THE  
HOCKEY TEAM

Their Success Depends On You

Mewata hockey rink has been reserved for the use of Mount Royal Hockey Club players on every Tuesday from 4 to 5 o'clock in the afternoon.

Although the hockey league will not start till after Christmas, it is important that players get into shape and in good working co-ordination.

All those who have ever lifted a hockey stick are urged to turn out, for a good turn out means means a good practice. There is no charge for spectators, and hockey fans are invited to see the team at practice.

With a little support, a hockey team even more outstanding than the rugby team should be forthcoming.

Let's go!

## LETTER TO THE EDITOR

Editor, The Gateway.

Dear Sir:—This is written in the hope that those against whom the criticism is directed will take it in the constructive spirit in which it is offered.

In regard to those who are a constant source of disturbance to any meeting or assemblage which they attend, why do persons who have reached the age of 18 or 21 still behave like public school children? Indeed, the comparison is not flattering to "public school children."

If a person must be continually making comments while someone is addressing an audience, surely he may at least be expected to speak in a tone which is not audible in all four corners of the room.

What is the object of these whisperings and mutterings? They certainly do not do the whisperers any good, they are disturbing to the speaker on the platform, and especially annoying to anyone in the vicinity of these "audible oafs." This has been mentioned in connection with chapel—it is equally a nuisance in classes.

I hope that some good may come of this letter, as I believe much of the disturbance is due to thoughtlessness.

J. E.

Have you an opinion on this or any other topic connected with our college life? If you have, why not send it in? Anonymous letters will not be published, but your name will be withheld if desired.

result from the Debating Club's open forum debate on Friday, "Resolved that woman's place is in the home." Make a date for Friday at 4:15 in the auditorium. Don't say you Antony orator, but be on the lion up by all means.

Winter sports are getting under way. The badminton and basketball clubs are already active, and the hockey players are getting organized.

## THE BRONZE LADY AND THE CRYSTAL GENTLEMAN



## THE JUNIOR CLASS PLAY

Which won the Inter-year Play Competition last Friday in Convocation Hall. Reading from left to right we see: Dr. Alique (John Corley), Servant (Paul Malone), The Prince (Jack Garrett), Mme. Sourcier (Eleanor Swallow), M. Sourcier (Parker Kent), M. Passandeau (Robin Ritchie).

## MOUNT ROYAL EDITION—THE GATEWAY

Editor-in-Chief	D'Alton Howe
Staff for Wednesday Edition	
Editor	Duncan Campbell
News Editor	Aylmer Ryan
Sports Editor	Jack Oberholtzer
Staff Representative	Miss J. D. Hunt

(Continued on Page Five)

## I SAW THIS WEEK

Don Wilson practicing an Oxford accent.  
A Dumb Freshette wondering why The Gateway that comes out Wednesday was called the Tuesday edition.  
A great number of scholarship applicants working up a sour grapes philosophy.  
Harold Riley being thrown out of a sleigh Saturday night. What would Lois H. think of this?  
Betty Gravely choosing a Prom partner.





## THE GATEWAY

The Undergraduate Newspaper, Published by The Students' Union of the University of Alberta

Gateway Office: 151 Arts. Phone 32026.

## THE UNIVERSITY SPIRIT

There are many hybrid institutions with the appellation of university, but how many are justified in calling themselves such? We know of many universities which are little better than training schools, graduating men perhaps brilliant in one line of work, but who have little or no interest in any other subjects. Shall we of the University of Alberta belong to this class of graduates, or shall we deserve to be called cultured men and women? It seems to us the answer lies in the question as to whether we come to the University to learn a trade so that we may later capitalize on it, or whether we come with an attitude of curiosity as to other subjects, a desire for learning as much as we can, and a regret that we have not more time to devote to subjects other than our specialty.

The western provinces of Canada could not support a purely cultural school. Our country is too new to have as yet a leisured, moneyed class, which could afford to send its youth to university for the cultural benefits derived. Most of us are too poor to afford the time or money in studying the classics, philosophy, English or languages for the pure joy of it. We all feel we must learn some trade or profession which will help us to earn our living later on, but must we as a result ignore the benefits to be derived from a study of other subjects, closing our minds to other branches of learning?

It would be unfair to compare our College to the great universities of England and the continent. The University of Alberta must necessarily stress the more practical subjects, rather than the cultural, but one might compare the attitude of the students to learning, and we are convinced we are the losers for the comparison. Many of us have no desire to learn anything but the subjects in which we are to be examined. We have a horror of acquiring any impractical knowledge and an apathetic imperviousness to interests outside our courses. There are of course exceptions, but at the risk of being banal we might suggest they prove the rule. As a result, we tend to be specialists rather than educated men and women.

The general attitude of the students is not frivolous. On the whole, we are rather hard-working than otherwise, but we are still provincial in our attitude towards "useless knowledge." Those of us who have read the article on "The Value of Useless Knowledge" in the May issue of the Atlantic Monthly cannot help but appreciate the significance of that phrase.

Each new student on entering the university unconsciously absorbs the general atmosphere, and in turn unconsciously modifies that atmosphere to the extent of his personality. The traditions of a university are built up through these individual attitudes as affected by the group atmosphere. Many of us on entering university are too adolescent to appreciate the value of "useless knowledge," and too young to realize the pure pleasure learning will afford us, so we follow the hard and adopt the general attitude that we are here to pass examinations with a minimum of effort, and that interest in any other subjects is a waste of time.

In many places in Germany, when the student has left the gymnasium (the preparatory school for the university) he attends the university, but starts on no scheduled course of studies for a year, or sometimes longer. The year is a period of adjustment to the new life. The student may attend classes in any subject, and he listens to discussions of older students on anything from biology to Greek drama. Whatever his eventual course of study, he has heard lessons and discussions on every branch of learning, and has the advantage of at least a taste of each subject. As a result, if he is at all naturally curious, while pursuing a course of study in one subject, he keeps up an interest in others. Although he graduates as a geologist, he may have won prizes in poetry contests, become an amateur botanist, taken a keen interest in economics, or delved into philosophy. He has had a fuller life than if he had confined his interests to one subject, and graduates with a broader outlook and a more developed mind.

We are not criticising our university system. On the contrary, we contend that it offers to us a great deal more than we take from it, but we think that in older universities in older countries, the student has a better chance of broadening his interests. He must do consciously what he does unconsciously.

We do not advocate that we should attempt to study every branch of knowledge. We have not time, in spite of Walter B. Pitkin in his "Art of Learning," claiming that an adult of average intelligence could learn in three months what ordinarily takes a year at university. We merely suggest that a passing acquaintance with other subjects than our specialties, would make us more cultured men and women. It will never bring one pecuniary profit to be able to recite Hamlet's speech—"Oh what a rogue and peasant slave am I," or the description of the scene when Antony first sees Cleopatra, but it is of infinite satisfaction to oneself to be able to do so.

There is no more boring person than one who is interested in his field alone, and can talk of nothing else. He would be a happier man if he had complementary interests. The university offers us the chance, as it is never offered to us again, of acquiring these complementary interests, which will broaden our views and enlarge our personalities. Only too soon will we be working for our living, but that which we learn at University should be beneficial to us, not only in our working hours, but in our leisure hours as well: to help us spend them not necessarily seriously, but at least intelligently.

A subject deserving of pity is a man in his fifties or sixties, who is tired body and soul of working, who has the means to retire, and yet has an actual and living dread of doing so, for fear he will be bored with the sudden leisure. It is difficult (Mr. Pitkin says well-nigh impossible) for most men of that age to apply themselves to entirely new subjects. The grooves of habitual thinking are worn deep in the brain, and habits of mind are crystallized. It is a distinct mental wrench for this man to take up a new subject to learn. It is an agony of the brain to start new channels of thought in the lethargic

cells, just as to restore circulation in a limb is agony. He should have kept the cells active by acquiring supplementary interests when he was young.

We should not have to whip ourselves into having an interest in subjects extraneous to our courses. Inborn curiosity stimulated by a university atmosphere of a desire to acquire knowledge should make us interested in spite of ourselves. We do not suggest that we become solemn and owl-like, taking ourselves too seriously, and ponderously discussing weighty matters. Nor need we emulate certain extremists at some English universities, who epitomize a hang-over from the Oscar Wilde tradition. They do not exactly "Walk down Piccadilly with lilies in their hands," but they act the modern equivalent, an over-developed consciousness of the importance of their own personalities, and a fake individuality which is monstrous yet laughable. They consciously apply a bizarre enamel of eccentricity in the hope they will be mistaken for paragons of intellectual individuality.

Admitting it is possible to over-stress individuality, we think in our western universities we go to the opposite extreme, tending to be conventional and gregarious, rather than individual and independent. We are ashamed to be different from the herd. We look on the man who writes poetry because he wants, or works on a problem in a laboratory until twelve at night, as queer. He is not like other people, so we fear rather than admire him. He is not accepted by the group and because of this the new student will not follow his example. The latter fears that if he has the courage to be an individual, he will be branded as an exhibitionist, and forbidden to taste the standardizing cake of fraternal snobbery. Nothing could be more destructive to individual thinking than this attitude, which is lamentably contagious. We must be conventional to a certain extent if society is to survive, but need we cater to public opinion to such an extent that our personalities are of a pattern? Do we at the University of Alberta encourage individuality of thinking, and do we cultivate a desire and respect for learning? To do so would build up a university tradition worth following by new students. This should be the university spirit: an unquenchable thirst for knowledge and not that rather sickening university spirit analogous to patriotism, which implies to us a biased intolerance of others, and a blind conceit that "we" are the best. If we were successful in building up such a tradition and acquiring such a spirit we would graduate into the world with—to quote from Norman Douglas—"a university tone rather than a university taint."

## PEACE OR WAR

Peace, peace at any price, but peace, is the theme-song of the period. The refrain has remained at a sustained pitch for so long that its monotony has lulled us into unconsciousness of its meaning. Peace for the world is an economic necessity; our civilization dare not risk itself in another world imbroglio. Yet where is this security of which we dream? Must we wait for it until it can be based on a democracy of nations, and on the brotherhood of man the world over? There is little assurance that the world is ready for that now, or that it will be in any near future. But peace we must have, and it is not an impossibility that we should have it.

The peoples of England and America are the dominant leaders in the peace movement today; in both of these great nations both government and people ask for peace. To be quite honest with ourselves, we may as well admit that though we do desire peace, this desire does not arise entirely from ethical sources. The fountains which fed jingoism and dollar diplomacy have not yet completely dried up. Yet why should not these two great nations desire peace, on the frank admission that it means, for a good long time in all likelihood, the maintenance of the status quo? There need be no new selfishness at least in it; there is in any case little left in the world of new territory or new power that needs to be sought by either nation, and perhaps the present solution of the peace problem lies in the acceptance of their present position of leadership in the world as a moral responsibility. The hegemony of western civilization, which dominates the world, rests with the Anglo-Saxon peoples; let them assume moral responsibility commensurate with their present power, and speak peace to the nations.

We may as well admit the initial injustice and irrationality of such a dictated peace. The British Empire, for example, has expanded over the globe, while Japan, with a population of some 60,000,000, rapidly increasing, is faced with serious problems of space and food supply. Canada, one of the few remaining large areas of the world that has a sparse population, thinks it right to exclude Orientals, while China, with teeming millions most of whom are on a bare subsistence level, has had to pour into Manchuria some nineteen millions of surplus population since the century began. We are as yet so far from the brotherhood of man that even our most ardent peace propagandists have not suggested that we have space to spare; if ever they did, who would be the first to howl them down? We could not maintain our standards at all under any such movement of alien peoples; and the calm assumption of many enthusiasts that they can have their own brand of civilization preserved in full in a world that acknowledges full brotherhood is simply foolish dreaming. We are scarcely ready to let our national life, and such ideals as we have developed, be submerged altogether, or reduced to the status of the peculiarities of a caste.

May it not be that the highest duty the Anglo-Saxon peoples owe to the world is to preserve and use for the general good such power and position as they have? Without the power and position our desire for peace would not avail us much; with them, and with the will to carry aright our moral responsibility, we might give the world peace. Why blink the fact that this would mean peace backed by all the force at our command? It could be a peace as just as was consistent with our determination to hold on to the power that put us in a position to speak peace to the nations; our justification for hanging on to power and place would be that we were fair and just; and that the world was perhaps better off so than it would be without us. That would be peace, backed by all the steel that was needed, of course, but it would at least be peace, a Pax Romana.

If we cannot trust ourselves to use our power for the general good, where are we to find some cause for any hope? Power is a scarce commodity, and having been once gained, it is a pity if it is not used for good ends. If anything prevents the suggested use of Anglo-Saxon dominance in the world, it is more likely to be sentiment than sense.



Dec. 2, 1934.

Editor, The Gateway.

Dear Sir,—Your recent comments on war, though much opposed by facile optimists, smack of good sense to me. The usual abuse of war as a "scourge" or "horror" or "nightmare" certainly expresses a truth of fact, but there is another side of the whole matter that is worth noticing.

Horrible as it is, war seems to have been of considerable service to mankind and that in curious ways. The threatened war in Siberia illustrates what I mean. When it is over, the first phase of the settlement of this world will be finished. Every valuable land area will then have been brought under the sway of our industrial civilization, whether it be through the political leadership of Russia or Japan. China is too soundly asleep to be considered. My whole point is that the first colonization of the earth will then be finished.

Looking backwards one can easily see how war has effected a slow but certain dispersion of the human race into every corner of the world useful to man. There is always disproportion, of course—just enough to prevent the thorough soundness of these generalizations. China, India, Japan, and Italy are, or shortly will be, overpopulated. Canada, Africa and Australia are under-populated. What will be the final outcome I cannot presume to say. But it does seem reasonable to suppose that in the future, as in the past, force of arms will be the agency causing this vast reshuffling of population.

To anticipate a criticism, let me add that I am not a militarist; I am not counselling war as an instrument of perfecting man or prescribing where groups should live. What I do maintain is that beneath the veneer of cultures everywhere, East and West, beneath the splendid achievements in art, religion, morality, law and communal life in this world, there appears to be an inexorable necessity working out its own significance independently of human will, however good it may be.

This argument carefully elaborated by someone more competent than myself would have a salutary effect on our attitude to war. We should learn the meaning of acting "as if"—though the historically necessary war must come, yet we could work for peace more deeply aware of the tremendous magnitude of the task. Sadder, perhaps, but much wiser too, student pacifists would begin to see that progress, if there is such a thing, is a process of generations, centuries it may be. Whatever may be the full truth of the matter, and that is not given to pacifist or militarist as such to know, a view somewhat larger than either seems willing to take might be rewarded with some real knowledge of the place of war in civilization.

Yours,  
METTIADDES.

## APOLOGIA FOR SCIO

Editor, The Gateway.

Dear Sir,—I was much interested in reading the letter published in your last issue and signed by one who modestly refers to himself as "Scio." From the torrent of his eloquence I gathered that the "knowing one" was praising war in general, and calling aloud for a revival of the spirit of jingoism as it flourished in the glorious days of the nineteenth century, when the British Empire was "top dog." I would like to make a few comments on that letter.

When examined closely, the arguments in favor of war as an institution appears.

The letter starts out in the best "boiler-plate" style by taking a few swats at those "adheheaded nincompoops" who "blat" against war. (One of the peculiar characteristics of the professional militarist is his substitution of parade-ground abuse for logical argument.) Then it gets down to cases, and informs us that we in Canada are living in a fool's paradise and that our boasted security is nonsense. Scio assumes (quite correctly, I think) that our chief basis of security lies in our nearness to and close relations with the United States, and in the protection of the Monroe Doctrine. He glibly asserts that the Americans are a race of "gum-chewing slaves" and that they will never stand up to the bold fighting-men of Japan, Russia and Europe. When Japan has properly trimmed the degenerate Yankees, and is dictating peace to a captive congress, she will take care to secure Canada as part of the booty. The grim tragedy will end with an affecting scene showing the effete Canadians, awakened at last from their fool's paradise, being marched out in chains to the tune of the "Prisoner's Song." Therefore if we wish to avert this threatening calamity we must get ready for war and imitate Mussolini by enrolling the population from the cradle up.

The whole vision of the future which Scio sees is so absurd as to be laughable. Our disciple of Nietzsche, like so many Englishmen, assumes that the Americans can't fight. Several nations have made the same mistake at various times, invariably with disastrous results. I seem to recall that twenty years ago the lordly British, in spite of being "top dog," "self-disciplined" and "practised in the arts of war," were exceedingly anxious for the assistance of the "gum-chewing slaves."

It is always well to remember that, in spite of their occasional oddities, the American people have created, without assistance from any one, the greatest material civilization that the world has ever known, and that they have been abundantly able to take care of themselves and any nations under their protection. The idea of

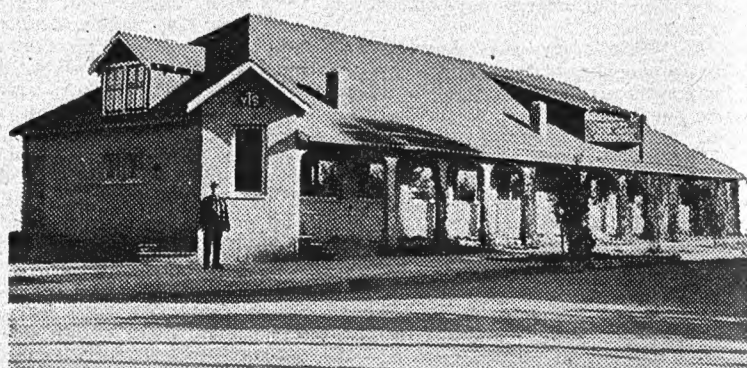
**YOU'RE TELLING ME!**

Smokers who appreciate real cigarette quality will tell you that Turrets are always cool and smooth and mild—as fine a cigarette as a man can smoke. And why shouldn't they be? Turrets are made from pure, sun-ripened tobacco—that's why they're stepping high and handsome in public favour.

**Turret**  
CIGARETTES  
SAVE THE POKER HANDS

## VARSITY TUCK SHOP

THE BEST IN CANADA



**THE RAINBOW ROOM**  
IS FREE FOR STUDENT FUNCTIONS

## The Rite Spot for Hamburgers

THREE STORES:

No. 1—10602 Jasper Ave. No. 2—10024 Jasper Ave.  
And the New Store  
No. 3—88th Ave. at 109th St.

50c TAXI

MCFARLANE'S

PHONE 25337

Japan's being able to shatter the "pax Americana," and thus get control of Canada is particularly absurd. The Japanese are a vigorous and warlike race, and could doubtless defend themselves successfully against an American attack. But the United States would hand over Canada (and with it her long northern frontier) to a hostile nation only if she were decisively defeated. Such a defeat could only be inflicted by conquering the heart of the nation, the Mississippi basin. The idea of Japanese forces crossing the Pacific 8,000 miles or more in the face of a much stronger fleet, securing the west coast, and then fighting their way inland over mountains and desert until they emerged triumphantly in Chicago or St. Louis is ridiculous on the face of it. The Japanese would never even consider such a crack-brained enterprise as an attack on America itself. So long as Canada is on good terms with the United States she is safe from foreign invasion and interference. Under those circumstances, the utility of Canada's preparing to "win the wars of the future" seems anything but obvious.

Scio then turns his attention to war in general and narrates very neatly the stock arguments of militarism, arguments probably first enunciated by some cave-man who owned shares in the Consolidated Prehistoric Battle-axe Corporation, and thought the tribes were getting too peaceful.

There is the quaint old notion that the great periods of nations occur when they are most belligerent. Greece is cited as an example. I am but an indifferent classicist, but I always believed that the great period of Greek civilization (or at least of Athenian civilization) was the "Golden Age" between the end of the Persian wars and the outbreak of the Peloponnesian war. That was the age of Pericles, Socrates, Phidias and most of the other illustrious Greeks. During the disastrous Peloponnesian war and the struggles that followed it, Athenian civilization went pretty thoroughly to pieces. The great thinkers and artists were persecuted, superstition revived, democ-

Yours respectfully,  
STUART SHAW.

P.S.—It has occurred to me that the whole letter might be an attempt at irony, something like Swift's "A Modest Proposal." If so, I heartily apologize for my attempts at sarcasm.





## Are You Perplexed?

about what to wear

AT THE

## Junior Prom

Let This Problem Be Ours

All the Latest Styles of Evening Gowns  
at prices that will please you

## Irene's Ladies' Wear

*There's still time at McDERMIDS*  
Phone Your  
Appointment NOW — 25444

### The Corona Hotel Dining Room

For Charming Surroundings and Excellent Cuisine  
For Reservations Phone 27106

### COUGHLIN'S

## The Capitol Beauty Parlors

Edmonton's Oldest and  
Largest Permanent Waving  
Staff

You'll Enjoy  
A Dainty Sandwich  
AND CUP OF TEA

In our Cosy Tea Room

## Merrick Drug Store

Birks Building

## GIVE STATIONERY

Few gifts in this price range  
are as usable, beautiful and  
delightful.

Special Christmas Design  
50c per box

We also carry a complete line of  
Christmas Greeting Cards

A. H. ESCH & Co., Ltd.  
Jasper Ave. at 104th St.

## Tivoli

Special Dance  
Every Friday  
Night

ORCHESTRA

Mel Hamill and His Revellers

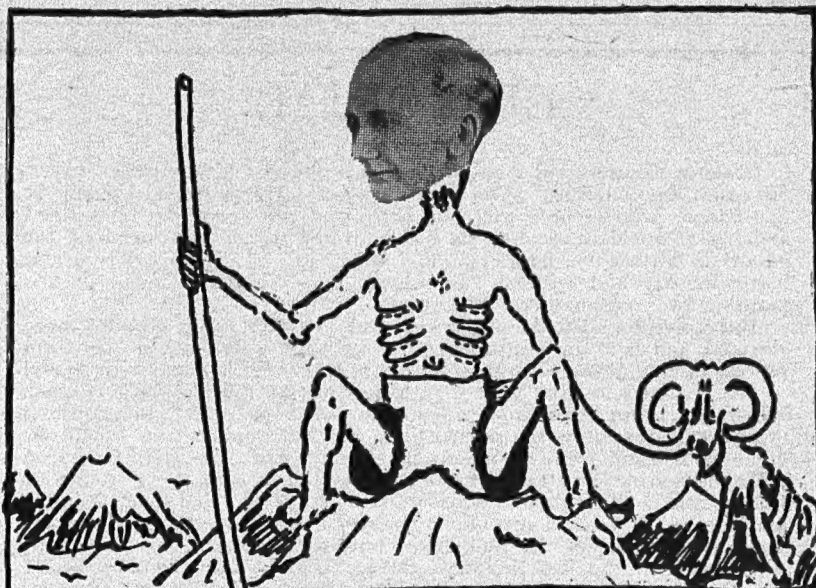
DANCING 9 TO 12

Admission, 25c Each

The Mezzanine may be reserved  
for special parties

Phone 22808

## OUR HALL OF FAME



### RE-MARK-ABLE McCLUNG

Was presented to Winnipeg on Oct. 18th, 1911. The effect of the "Windy" city was too much for him, for at the age of one he gained considerable renown by debating the question of Prohibition. The chronicles are vague as to his subsequent activities till he arrived in Calgary equipped with a comprehensive knowledge of classical and contemporary literature. Getting through high school, he attended Normal school, where his pathetic vocal rendering of "The Farmer's in the Dell" gained him first-class honours in practice teaching—he has since stated that he regrets the fact that he did not explain the presence of the farmer, or the purpose of the farmer, and that by accepting the bald fact of the farmer's presence without any proof except the statement of the song he committed a blunder which may have caused his tender charges to grow up in an atmosphere unblest by logic, and unaware of the virtues of reasonable doubt backed by a foundation of philosophical thought.

In spite of this, he entered the University in 1931 to grasp the fundamentals of Medicine, which apparently appeared elusive—accordingly he changed his course in 1932 to Honours Philosophy, thinking it better to minister to the mind than to bother with the body. In that year he debated in an intervarsity debate, and in the following year represented the N.F.C.U.S. against Bates College—as a just reward he was elected President of the Debating Society for 1934-1935.

Possessing a brilliant mind and a verbosity unequalled by even McCormick, he has at times allowed his fluency to master thought—which is probably due to an excess of enthusiasm. Clad in a sheet his likeness to the "Mahatma" is so remarkable that it is little wonder he is known to many as the "Kandy Kid."

By way of diversion, he swings a golf club with an accuracy that confounds larger but less skillful opponents, and under the influence of the subsequent ale completely subdues the company to a state of mental inertia with a loquacity which gathers momentum, and is as interesting as it is amazing.

Winning the Gaetz Prize in Philosophy 2 and gaining a first class in every subject in 1933-4 are but indications of what he can do—more students like Mr. McClung would help the University.

## GUY FAWKES A DAY OF MYTH?

The article published below appeared in "The Isis," an Oxford undergraduate newspaper, about 1890, and it was republished in many of the English newspapers of the time. We hope that it will be read for the first time by the students at the University, if not by the professors.

(From the "Journal of Britannic Studies," A.D. 2907.)

By Dr. J. Parafrazer.

In connection with the article we published recently a correspondent sends us the Isis, with the following clever skit on Dr. Frazer:

In several curious fragments of the so-called Victorian civilisation we meet allusions to the festival observed on "Guy Fawkes" day, the fifth of the month November. Apparently the Guy, or Gai, as he should probably be called, was carried round the streets on a rude chariot, while the followers uttered incantations and caused some annoyance by repeated requests for money. At the conclusion of the procession the Gai was burnt on a large pyre, beside which some primitive form of pyrotechnic display was organised. Some of the chants have been preserved to us; one of them running thus:

Remember, remember, the Fifth of November,  
Gunpowder treason and plot;  
I see no reason why gunpowder treason  
Should ever be forgot.

And again—

Gai, Gai,  
It im\* in the eye;  
Stick im on a lam-post  
And there let im lie.

The purpose of this paper will be to throw some light on the origin of this interesting cult, hidden as it is under a mass of ignorant legend and foolhardy conjecture.

From the first, we must set aside as palpably aetiological the stratum of pretended history, which we may term the priestly myth. The well-known story of the man who attempted to de-

stroy the whole of the Executive, is condemned at once by its inherent improbability, and by the multitude of parallel examples of fabrication in the history of comparative religion. Even as late as the time of the seventh Edward it is doubtful whether the annihilation of the "Parliament" would have been looked upon as a national disaster. Nor is evidence lacking to show that the historicity of this incident was called in question by the early critics.† In any case we cannot too clearly emphasise the fact that the mind of primitive peoples does not work in this way, prior to the dawn of the historic consciousness. But the legend is interesting as illustrating the rule that the new religion, as it supersedes the old, saddles it with the less amiable characters of its own mythology, so that the simple earth-hero becomes an exponent of the old creed, obstinately setting his face against the newer rival, and appropriately punished.

We must now turn to the name of the title-rolé. That the first part is connected by root with the Greek "Gaia," or earth, there seems no reason to doubt. Can we assign any similar meaning to the second? The great majority of critics have agreed in referring it to the Indo-European root of "fax" and "focus." But all attempts to establish such connections between languages radically different are little better than special pleading. It is impossible to resist the belief that we have here a trace of a very early totemism. We know that the Fox, or "vulpes communis," as we should call it nowadays, was regarded with superstition by the Britons; so much so that in spite of frequent depredations on farmers it was held criminal to kill or even maim the animal. If, as seems probable, he was worshipped under the cultus-title of Rainard, it is well-nigh impossible to resist the suggestion that it was applied to him in his capacity as controlling the powers of nature, and consequently responsible for the fertility or otherwise of the crops. Now if we combine these sources of evidence, we arrive at the conclusion that "Gai Fox" is an earth-god of considerable antiquity, with the double name

arising probably from a confusion of cults.

What then is the meaning of the elaborate ritual above described? The explanation is not far to seek. We are close to the root of all the sun-myths, including the legend of Pentheus. The old year, represented by the stubble-image, is carried out amid execrations and assaults of apotropaic significance, and finally burnt in order to secure the safety of the next year's harvest. The bonfire represents the sun. Returning then to the second dithyrambic fragment above quoted, we may fairly assume that the lamp-post alluded to has something of the same significance. Finally, the fireworks would appear to be an appeal by means of sympathetic magic to the stars as nature-forces, or as controlling the destinies of men.

One more question will naturally present itself to us. Was it only a senseless image of the receding year that was first pelted in mockery and then burnt at the stake? Or may we trace a more sinister meaning in the silence of most ancient authors on this subject? Is it possible that here we meet an actual survival of human sacrifice in historic and nominally civilised times? Most critics have been content to scout the notion; Mr. Bilgeway, in a really eloquent defence of the period, has argued at great length against such a possibility. But we must not be too mealy-mouthed. We must not be prepared to read into the history of a thousand years ago those considerations of humanity and gentleness which are characteristic of our own. On the whole, if we are to face the probabilities squarely, we must admit that the presumption is in favour of the sterner view, and that in all likelihood the Fifth of November was stained annually with one of those orgies of superstitious carnage to which primitive religion is too sadly liable.

(Translated from the original Esperanto.)

\*There is little doubt that the asprate did not exist in British at the period referred to.  
†The argument that this only casts doubt on the fact, not on the existence of a popular belief to this effect, shows to what straits critics are reduced, if they insist on shutting their eyes to fact.

## STEEN'S DRUG STORE

10912 88th AVENUE

At the Car Line

Phone 31456

We Deliver

## Gift Suggestions for Christmas Shoppers

Stationery	35c to \$2.00
Fountain Pens	50c to \$2.00
Pen and Pencil Sets	\$2.00 to \$4.25
Cutex Sets	65c to \$4.50
Sets of Toiletries (Yardley, Grossmith and Potter & Moore)	50c to \$3.25
Coty's Perfume	60c to \$2.00
Bath Salts and Tablets	35c to \$1.10
Shaving Sets	\$1.00 to \$2.65
Yardley Shaving Bowl	\$1.00
Soaps, Compacts, etc.	
Rolls Razors	\$6.95
Chocolates (Page and Shaw and Moir's), per box	35c to \$2.00
Cigars and Cigarettes—Xmas Cards, etc.	

Shop at STEEN'S DRUG STORE

Now is the time to get Full Service on

## Your Christmas Photographs

The Only Gift Your Friends Cannot Buy For Themselves

Phone 21914 for Appointment

## GLADYS REEVES

(THE ART LEAGUE STUDIO)  
Over the Empress Theatre

SPECIAL ATTENTION GIVEN TO YEAR BOOK PHOTOGRAPHS

## FOR THE JUNIOR PROM

A Dainty Corsage or Shoulder  
Bouquet

## Edmonton Flower Shop

PHONE 21730

W. SLOCOMBE

10223 JASPER



## Velvet Ice Cream

The Party Favorite

BRICKS—DIXIES—LOG ROLLS—CAKES—NOVELTY CENTRES

FOR SPECIAL OCCASIONS

BEWITCHING NOVELTY MOLDS

WE CATER SPECIALLY TO  
UNIVERSITY AFFAIRS

## Edmonton City Dairy Ltd.

SUPERIOR DAIRY PRODUCTS

## The Garneau

TAILORS AND DRY  
CLEANERS

Expert Workmanship and  
Prompt Service

Phone 31378

Resident students, mark your Dry  
Cleaning for the "GARNEAU"

FOR BETTER EYE SERVICE

SEE WILLIS

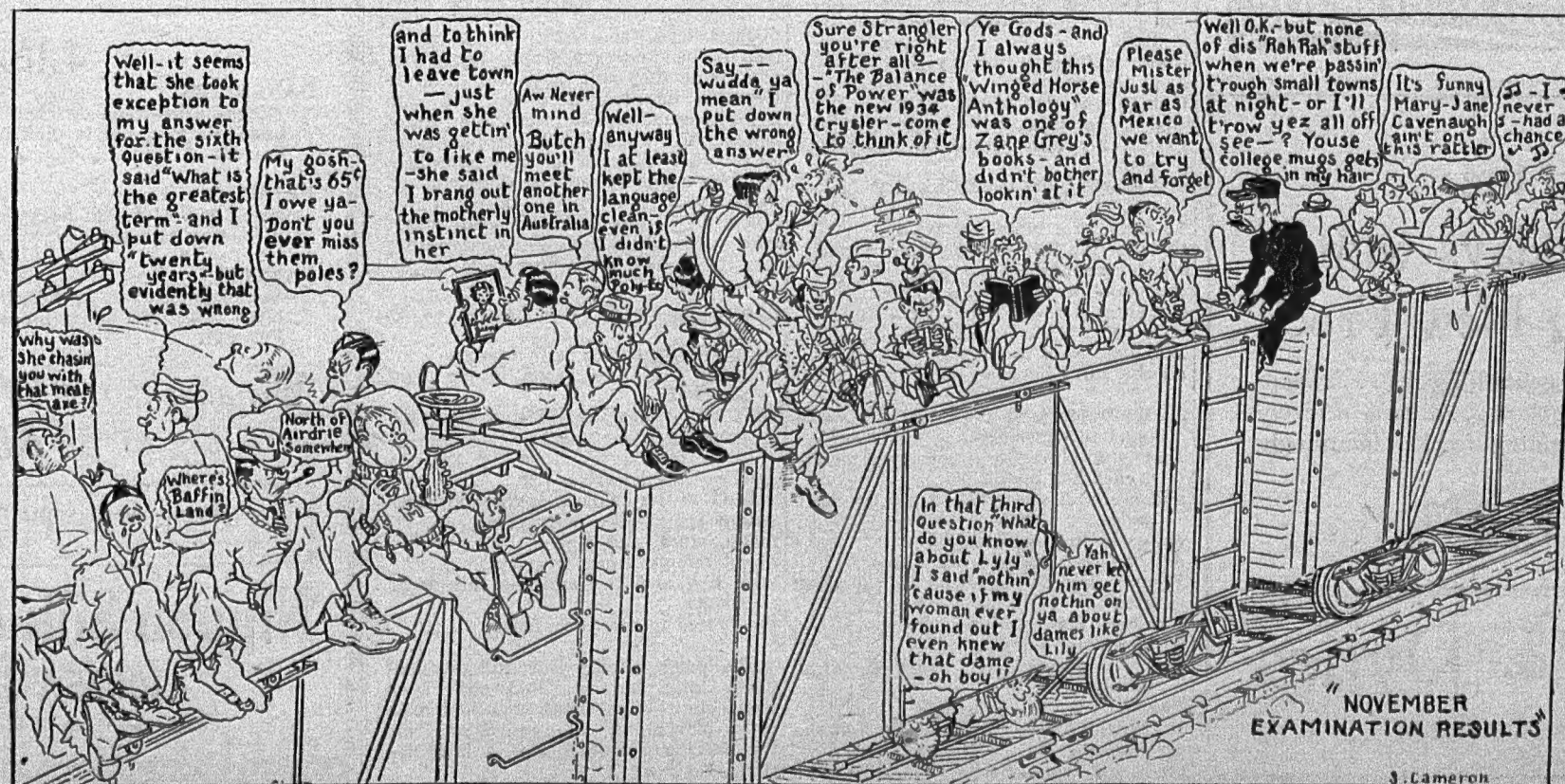
AND

SEE WELL

10115 101st St. Phone 25638

### LOST

Black Calfskin Purse, containing glasses, pen, change, etc., in House Ec Building. Please return to Publicity Dept.





# CO-ED COLUMNS

## "MADAME BUTTERFLY"

By D. H.

One of the best known operas of modern times is "Madame Butterfly," by Giacomo Puccini, and it is interesting to note that the plot has appeared in novel form, as a play, and finally as an operatic gem.

It is the story, pathetic and fragile, of a little Japanese "wife," Cho-Cho San and her American sailor husband. He sails away home, and she lives on in the land of blossoms, awaiting his return; he will come when "the robins nest again." Three years past. When Pinkerton returns, he brings his American wife with him, and is overcome with remorse when he finds Butterfly waiting for him. Butterfly commits suicide.

Puccini's score is tunelessly alive with Japanese folk songs and is remarkable in the extent of use and the consistency with which Japanese melody has been made the foundation of the music. Japanese music is arid and angular, and yet, so great is Puccini's skill in combining creative imagination and reflection, that he knows how to make it blossom like a rose. Against a background of music and rhythm rather than monotonous as is Japanese music, the islands of Japan blossom and the cherry trees bloom. The temple bells tinkle, and incense rises from in front of shrines, as geisha girls with black eyes and waving fans move in a graceful dance.

The opera touches on every string of human emotion, from the laughter of the gay little romance to the pathetic tragedy of the disappointment of Cho-Cho-San. Perhaps the most effective scene is the one in which Cho-Cho-San hears of Pinkerton's return, and runs excitedly to strip the garden of its

### CO-ED COGITATIONS

That restless morbid discontent  
Of gayety and boredom blent  
That gathers at this time of year  
Is just a pose. The Prom is near  
And with it comes the age-old guess,  
"I wonder if he'll like my dress?"

I wonder if the sap will think  
To ask me if my gown is pink,  
Or will he send, with greeting rare,  
A corsage too absurd to wear  
And have to like it while I lit,  
"But, dear, I couldn't have it wilt?"

I wonder if my hints have sailed  
Above his head, or have availed  
To get my program filled with men  
Who're in the public eye, so then  
Even my snootiest friend can't swear,  
"But dear I didn't see you there!"

I only hope he doesn't stall  
Around for tickets when they all  
Go to Juniors, who've paid en masse  
When he can join the Junior class  
With loss of prestige, but the gain  
Of having used his limpid brain. SMICK.

blossoms and to strew the floor with petals of flowers. Butterfly, her child, and her maid, await Pinkerton in the twilight that fades into night. The vigil lasts the whole night. The lanterns flicker and go out. Maid and babe sink down in sleep. Butterfly alone remains, waiting in vain.

Almost startling in its realism is the last scene, when Cho-Cho-San, realizing that she has loved in vain, determines to die. On the dagger are the words, "To die with honor when one can no longer live with honor," which reflect the Oriental philosophy of life and of death. Butterfly goes behind a screen and the dagger falls.

The opera is in essence a tragedy, revealing the soul of a Japanese butterfly creature who loves an Occidental, and too late realizes the impossibility of happiness in such a union. The music fits the scenes, at intervals giving way to the Italian style of lyricism, at times moulding scenes and atmosphere with the popular folk music of Japan.

## Princess Theatre

### Showing

Wednesday, Thursday, Friday  
Special Double Feature  
Program

CONSTANCE BENNETT in  
"AFFAIRS OF CELLINI"

And

ALICE FAY, LEW AYRES in  
"SHE LEARNED ABOUT  
SAILORS"

Popular Prices: Adults 20c,  
Children 10c, Tax Extra

## CORSAGES

ARTISTICALLY ARRANGED—MODERATELY PRICED  
IN VARIOUS COLORS

KERRISON & ADAMS, LTD.

Opposite the Bay.

Phone 25866

## McDermid Studios Ltd.

will gladly make  
one or two extra  
pictures of you  
while they are  
taking your year  
book photo if  
you come prepared

McDERMID  
PORTRAITS MAKE

IDEAL CHRISTMAS GIFTS 'phone 25444

Make your appointment NOW... to suit you -

There's still time at McDERMID!



## Add New Zest to the Christmas Holidays with an exciting New Frock

Glamorous Evening, Dinner and Cocktail Frocks... sweeping lines, rich fabrics, fascinating colors... dozens of lovely styles to choose from... charming frocks, temptingly priced.

**\$16.95 to \$39.50**

## Thompson & Dynes

THE CHRISTMAS STORE BEAUTIFUL

## EDITORIAL

"Take a disinterested view of life," say the best of our philosophers. "Be calm, be collected." Yes, we've tried it. We've smiled sweetly at our friends who've borrowed our notes and lost them; we've grinned amiably at our Editor when he has informed us that the deadline for editorials is past, two hours ago, and where in... is ours? We've also borne meekly and without resentment, three essays assigned in one morning by unsympathetic professors.

But we've found it doesn't work. Our character is in no whit more elevated, and as to the beautification of our soul—it is black as soot from repressing our desire to murder our oppressors quickly and completely!

We resolved to give vent to our feelings as much as we pleased. When our alarm clock froze up and forgot to go off on the morning of an exam, we threw the cursed thing out the window, and wiped our hands of it complacently. When our shoelace broke in three places on the same morning, we forgot to be calm, and gave vent to our righteous indignation to the complete satisfaction of ourselves, and overwhelming amusement of our room-mate. Everyone was thereby made much happier. And as for the half-dozen buttons that went "over the top" to oblivion in the last laundry—did we bear it in resigned silence? We did not. The aforesaid buttons were completely assigned to everlasting perdition. They were probably already there, having followed their comrades of the wash before, down the drain-pipe, but nevertheless that didn't matter.

All in all, our lives and the lives of our companions are thereby made much happier. Our character is ascending the golden stair of worth by leaps and bounds—and as for our disposition... Take life philosophically, calmly, collectedly? We should think not!

## FROM 7 TO 7

### Nurses' Tea a Success

The Senior class entertained at tea in the Soldiers' Hut on Sunday afternoon at 4 p.m.

Among the guests were Dr. and Mrs. Wallace, Dean and Mrs. Rankin, Dr. and Mrs. Washburn, Dr. and Mrs. McEachran, Miss Dodd, Miss Peters, Miss Smiley, Miss McKay, and the members of the Students' Council.

Miss Fenwick and Miss Chapman received the guests, who were introduced to the senior class by Miss Green.

The tea table, charmingly centred with golden mums and matching tapers, was presided over by Miss Turner.

Following tea, a tour of the hospital was conducted by members of the class.

Practise for Christmas carol singing began on Monday, Dec. 3. We hope to see the usual enthusiasm displayed as in former years, and to make this year's carols the best yet. Who knows but that we may be able to bring a little Christmas cheer to those unfortunate enough to be ill and away from home at Christmas time.

## Marigold Pendulum

By Dudley Paro

The other day, while reading a book on gifted children, we came across a poem that a group of these youngsters chose as one of their favorites. After reading it through many times, we decided that it was too good to keep, and so we are passing some of it on to those of The Gateway readers who sometimes do glance at our worthy page. Here it is:

"Thunder hops on the garret roof,  
rain scampers over the shingles,  
old father Gol with a flash of his testy eye  
slams the golden window of Paradise,  
pulls a torn shade across eternal splendor.

But let us sit with an open book on our knees  
turning pages the pedantic worms have annotated  
with crabbed wisdom and obscure geometry,  
when midew inscribes with a blue pencil  
poems in forgotten alphabets,  
and when the storm pauses  
to shake the dark hair from his eyes  
and resin the bow of his cracked fiddle,  
we shall hear the green humming of rain  
as it lays a cold cheek on the cob-webbed glass,  
all those curious noises that the dust makes gently settling  
on the cracked furniture of discarded lives.

All night the wind ran round the house  
hugging his sides with laughter.  
Thunder tramped clumsily to and fro  
in the garret  
dragging trunks and old bookcases over the ceiling.

The women folk pattered upstairs and down,  
closing draughty doors, seeking each other's beds  
to mix their long undone hair  
and gibber like bats in cavernous twilight  
when lightning thrust a yellow paw in at the window.  
I alone was glad of the tumult,  
glad of the storm that kept me awake  
to put my arm round the lightning's neck,  
and clasping the tawny leopard against me.

To hear once more overhead  
through the hiss and crackle of rain  
on the smouldering world,  
the apple tree's gnarled hands  
caressing the weathered shingles  
on a night when I held  
in the circle of two arms  
all the sun's hoarded gold.

On the barn's peak the moon sits washing her whiskers.  
Now she blinks a green eye, slowly arches her back,  
and walking along the gable on satin pads  
glares at me hungrily.  
All day she looked so demure.  
When I lay on my back in the deep grass,  
watching her prow the shy eaves, and leap over fences of blue  
I never guessed she could show so thirsty a tooth.  
Tonight I am afraid of her.  
I wish she had not seen me here at the window  
observing her antics.

### An Interne's If

If you can get to work when all about you

Are all at sea and don't know what to do;

Stand by your diagnosis though they doubt you,

Yet, being wrong, can change opinion, too;

If you can take the "buck" they pass you without fussing

Yet when you're house-man never do the same;

Or being "cussed out" don't give way to "cussing,"

And yet don't look too fierce or yet too tame;

If you can think but end your thought in action,

If you can act, but think and plan it, too,

If you can meet with either Death or Satisfaction,

Nor let one crush, the other exalt you;

If you can miss the night's sleep yet be cheerful,

As you go about the next day at your work,

If the unexpected finds you are unafraid,

And the drudge and "scut-work" find you do not shrink;

If you can hear an old man's talk and be condoling,

Yet know the thoughts and fancies of a child,

If the mother's fears can find you well consoling,

And people's scorn and anger leave you mild;

If you can shoulder blame and not relay it,

If you can see them turn your plans all wrong,

And being disappointed, don't display it,

Yet make your comment where it does belong;

If you can "get along" with nurse and "Super,"

And like them all yet love but only one,

If you can do some work that keeps you waiting,

And withhold your judgment till your work be done;

If you can let your work advance another,

If you can eat an interne's meal without complaint,

You'll be a real good interne, brother,

In fact, you know, you'll almost be a saint.

B. Ashe—N.Y.

## SPORTETTES

With the experience of their first game against the Gradettes behind them, and a lot of confidence that comes from knowing their stuff, the green and gold should come out on top in their encounter Tuesday night at McDougall with the Gradettes. From what we hear of the All Stars, the game on Thursday should merit the upper gym being packed to capacity.

Green and gold naiads were frolic-ing in their water haunts on Wednesday evening. Gay laughter and merry shouts echoed among the rocky tiles. A huge red inflated rubber skin was pushed back and forth on a wavy course, as they disported themselves at a game they call push-ball. Father Neptune encouraged them, and our nymphs attempted to outdo their finny companions in clipping seconds from all records. Some of the more sprightly nymphs tripped along the diving board and dived into the sparkling water below. All this indicates enthusiasm and preparation for the forthcoming meet to be held some time in January.

She is not nearly so attractive as by day,  
sly creature, rusted with mange,  
and one ear gone, I see, in the fight she had  
with the orange leopard that owns the morning.

And my poems are a fire  
lighted on the brink of night and death  
where I hurl like driftwood  
moon, stars, and sun,  
kingdoms, galleons, caravans,  
with hell and god and the fair arch-angels  
the better to see your face.

The poem is only five and one-half pages long, but is filled with such word-pictures as these, splashed with vivid patches of color, supplied from the palette of Dudley Paro's imagination. Do read it.

## CO-ED'S NIGHTMARE



After a hearty midnight snack of pickles, cheese, lobsters à la Newberg, and sauerkraut, one of our illustrious Pembinites dreamed that she was the fictitious Junior Prom Queen, as portrayed above.

## BY WAY OF HUMOUR

Scene—Nurses' lecture room.  
Aileen Webster—What causes the heat in this room?  
Dr. Levey—The stupidity of the atmosphere.

He said—Is this the place where they save wayward girls?  
Matron—Yes, sir.  
He—Well, will you save me one for Saturday night?

A certain senior nurse, likely Kate Chapman, complained to the Superintendent that the internes never pulled down their blinds at night. The Superintendent came to investigate, and looking out of the window said, "Why, I can't see anything from here." The senior answered, "But you can if you stand on the table."

## THE THEATRES

STRAND THEATRE, Wed., Thurs. and Friday, Dec. 5, 6, 7—Constance Bennett in "Outcast Lady" (adaptation of Michael Arlen's famous novel, "The Green Hat.")

EMPERESS THEATRE, Thurs., Friday and Sat., Dec. 6, 7, 8—Edmund Lowe in "Gift of Gab" and Frank Morgan in "There's Always Tomorrow."

PRINCESS THEATRE, Wed., Thurs. and Friday, Dec. 5, 6, 7—Constance Bennett in "Affairs of Cellini" and Alice Fay and Lew Ayres in "She Learned About Sailors"

RIALTO THEATRE—For one week starting Friday, Nov. 30, and ending Dec. 6th, "Those Were the Days," starring Will Hay.

## This Week's Specials

AT THE

## NIPPON SILKS



## HOSIERY

### SEMI SERVICE WEIGHT

A beautiful, pure thread silk stocking, reinforced by lisle top and foot to give better wear. Full fashioned. Per pair **59c**

### CHIFFON HOSE

A clear and sheer chiffon, in twelve lovely shades to choose from, full fashioned. Per pair **69c**

### CREPE HOSE

A cobwebby sheer crepe hose, with reinforced top and foot, to ensure longer wear. Permanent dull finish, full fashioned. Per pair **79c**

### FREE

A beautiful, hand-painted Wooden Panel Calendar will be given free with every purchase of \$1.00 or over.

## LINGERIE

### DANCETTES

A pure silk crepe de chene set of undies, that will delight you. Lace trimmed and in pink and tea rose. Per set **98c**

### PYJAMAS

Latest styles in that heavy rayon knit, beautiful colors in one or two-piece style. Per pair **\$1.89**

### PANTIES

Heavy knit rayon panties, in lace trim. Sizes small, medium and large. Just the thing for everyday wear. Per pair **49c**

We also carry Dress Goods, Novelties  
Kimonos

If you want something different, "NIPPON"  
is the place

## Nippon Silk & Products Co.

10075A Jasper Avenue

Between Bank of Montreal and Capitol Theatre



## WOMAN'S PLACE IS IN THE HOME



KAY BINGAY



The above pictured Portias from the prominent firm of Bingay, Ford, Ford and Bingay, will defend the proposition that woman's place is in the home against the persuasive protestations of Pauline Pitfield and Sheila Stewart Thursday evening in what promises to be an open forum of great potency. Special constables will be strategically placed to prevent hair pulling, should the protagonists become peevish. The pandemonium of pater will commence at 8:15, and people planning to attend are advised to be on hand early to get seats.

We wonder what is to become of the home if women are going to leave it. If women leave the home, it means that men will probably get so they can go home and remain there. However, come on out Thursday and see what the women think.

## DRAMAT CRITIQUE

(Continued from Page One)

good voice to advantage. There was a tendency on her part to move too much from the waist when a simple step or two to either side would have solved her problem.

We come now to the chief delight of the production—Mr. Parker Kent's ebullient interpretation of M. Sourcier, the "Crystal Gentleman." Contrary to general opinion, it is no easy task to

remain consistently amusing for thirty minutes. There is no opportunity for the actor's soul to help him through the weak spots. The actor's wits must be functioning at top speed continually, co-ordination of voice and action must be perfectly adjusted and the pace must never slacken. Mr. Kent's timing was a sheer joy to watch and his longest speeches were delivered with sparkling enthusiasm and unflagging vigor. He has appropriated the ticks of the old character actors to advantage. He does use them well, although he fell back

too often on one particular gesture, which upon its fourth or fifth appearance in as many minutes reminded one very forcibly of the flippers of a trained seal. One waited for him to start balancing his paintbrush upon the end of his nose. Mr. Kent also found difficulty in keeping his eyes away from the audience. Perhaps a little direction would have helped him in this case. It would be too bad to leave his performance without some mention of his "jungle call." It was an achievement in itself. When all is said and done, the Junior Class gave us entertainment, completely mad and thoroughly enjoyable.

In presenting "There's No Fool," the Senior Class were actuated by worthy motives in introducing to us one more Alberta playwright. There can be no doubt that Mr. Farrell's play contains familiar background and straightforward dialogue, but his treatment of the subject suggests nothing more nor less than cheap melodrama. All the stock situations occur with clockwork precision, and no attempt is made to conceal the mechanism. Motives are unintelligible, emphasis is diffused and characterization is weak. To the sincere efforts of the director and cast of the Senior Play must go considerable credit for the sympathy which they aroused in the audience for this production. Mr. Ringwood handled an almost impossible task with careful diligence, and finally had to be content with the creation of a false sentimentality, which was at least consistent throughout. Miss Margery MacKenzie struggled desperately with the part of Isabel, but could not begin to establish a characterization with the meagre material which the author placed at her disposal. The part of Emma seems to have been the only one which the author saw with any degree of finality. For that reason Miss Norma Christie's interpretation achieved a measure of success. Her cold, snarling voice, and plunging walk combined to give a performance which compelled attention. The minor characters were well fitted into the general setting, largely by the skill of the director.

Mr. Alan Macdonald's playing of the old man has been left to the last because of the difficulty in evaluating it. The author of the play obviously concentrated his attention on the development of Joe Parkinson's character, but he has confused the issue by his failure to establish the character of Isabel. The audience is left with the question: Well, what's the point anyway? It should be said at once that Mr. Macdonald's performance was very fine, but it was obvious that throughout the whole play he was trying to clarify the issue, trying to bring a definite quality to his portrayal. His movements and gesture were nearly always carefully timed and he achieved one or two moments of quiet power with admirable restraint. In the scene where he removed his boots and walk-

## Melancholy Meanderings of a Mathematical Mastermind

(Respectfully dedicated to the Mathematics Department)

## The Poet Invokes the Spirit

Oh great Descartes, in manner deferential  
I seek your help in matters most essential.

Pray look on me with not unkindly gaze  
And bring me comfort in these dismal days.

I am beset, nay, I am nearly done  
By Mathematics 7 or 21.  
Be not amazed (I know not who's to blame),

The numbers differ, but they mean the same,  
Which goes to show . . . what boots it to repeat,  
The rose by any name will smell as sweet.

But understand, you must not reke your will  
Upon your proselytes or deprecate their skill.

Hard do they toil, to spread your magic lore,  
They do their best—no human can do more.

Much of their seed, experience has found  
Remains unfertile upon barren ground  
And I myself am rather barren earth,  
Judge not by me, our Math professor's worth.

## The Spirit Provokes the Poet

Unworthy one, why this interrogation,  
All, all is solved by differentiation.  
Remember this, it's well within your scope,

Dx, Dy, the function and the slope.  
Reverse the process with hesitating,  
Apply with zest a little interrogating.  
Come mend at once your logarithmic ways

And so escape your experimental haze.  
Revise the laws of Trigonometry,  
Do you all this and come again to me.  
Fight the good fight, an either do or die,

Trust in the Lord and keep your powder dry.  
The Poet Wearily Succumbs  
I, x, y, z in manner sad and weeping  
Resign my soul unto your gentle

KEEPING,  
One further word, may I escape your wrath  
Too many COOKS are bound to spoil

the broth,  
Which matters not for from the ads we find  
That CAMPBELL has been tinned in every kind.

I now at last lay down my weary pen,  
What man has done, why man SHELDON again.

TEEWEE.

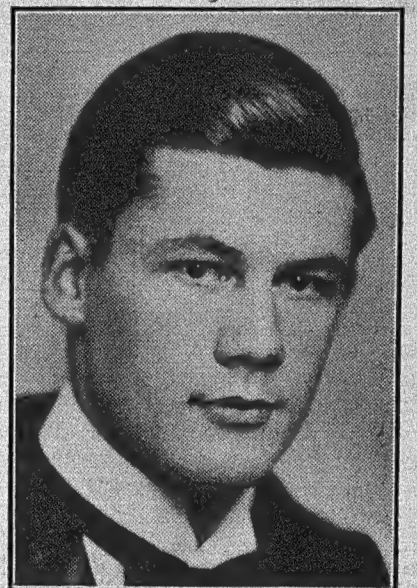
ed over to the stove he came perilously near to comedy. It is worth repeating that the director of this play in combination with his cast did bring something out of practically nothing, and for that we should be duly grateful.

If the remarks concerning these last three plays have seemed unnecessarily harsh, please bear in mind that the productions were of uniformly high standard. The object has been in each case to try to show what might have been done to avoid errors that lend themselves to correction.

## THE BEST PLAYERS



MARG ALDWINCKLE



ALLAN McDONALD

## BILGE

## Reviews the Plays

The Fresh Play—Dead.  
The Soph Play—The lighting was fairish; Aldwinckle was beautiful, as usual.

The Junior Play—Our choice. Parker Kent was good, his laugh perfect. Jack Garrett makes an ideal lunatic.

The Senior Play—We found this play rather gripping; however, that does

not prove that the play was good, but merely that we are still addicted to occasional fits of sentimentality. The thing was quite well done though, we admit, even if better suited to performance by the Young People's Society of practically any church.

We have been to better Interyear Play competitions.

## STRAW OR OTHER FODDER, Wanted for Export

HAY PRESSES, HAMMERMILLS AND CUTTING BOXES  
can be placed for full winter's work

SHERIFF MALCOLM MCGREGOR, Courthouse, Brandon, Manitoba

## EXTENDING YOU A CORDIAL INVITATION

TO VISIT

## THE POODLE DOG INN

(Just West of the Strand Theatre)

SPECIALIZING IN EXCELLENT

## COFFEE and TEA

ALSO A VARIETY OF TASTY SANDWICHES AND  
PASTRIES, ETC.

Our foodstuffs are prepared with the greatest of care to meet the taste of those who desire the unusual in Lunch Counter fare.

## Modern Library Titles

214 Titles at \$1.10 per volume

17 Titles at \$1.50 per volume

WE HAVE THE COMPLETE LIST IN STOCK

Write or call for the printed list

The largest stock of Books in the city

## The Willson Stationery Co.,

Limited

10080 Jasper Avenue.

Phone 23475

ST. JOSEPH'S  
CAFETERIA

Who said it was a "jolly good  
place for a Spot o' Tea?"

## Personal Greeting Cards

SEE SAMPLE BOOK

A LARGE DISPLAY OF OTHER CARDS at 5c (50c doz.)

And 2 for 15c (75c doz.)

## UNIVERSITY BOOK STORE

## There's still time at McDERMIDS

PHONE 25444

MAKE THE APPOINTMENT FOR YEAR BOOK PHOTOS NOW

The clang and whirl of great printing machinery will soon commence on production of the new EVERGREEN AND GOLD.

The increased size and advanced design demand an earlier start than ever.

All class pictures must be in by December 20th

*Heed ye!*



# SCIENCE, PHARM-DENTS OPEN LEAGUE WITH WIN

## May Be a Five Team League For Women's Hockey

Coach Al Wilson Comments on Prospects

Though there will not be anything settled definitely until the meeting later on this week, the rumors have it that a five team Intermediate Women's Hockey League will operate this season. Last year there was a three team intermediate league and two teams in the senior section. It is expected that all teams will enter in the intermediate section this year. This will speed up play to quite a considerable extent, and we think some smart hockey will result.

As last year, a Varsity team will be entered. Three other entries will probably come from the Monarchs, Rustlers, who were Dominion champions last season, and the Muttart girls. The name of the fifth team has not been decided on.

### Marg Stone Looks Good

Coach Al Wilson has not cut his team to playing strength, but has many good prospects to choose from. Marg Findlay is showing up well in goal. This Freshette has had little experience, but is topping them from all angles. Nan Evans, a dependable veteran from last year's squad, will be performing on defense. Her running mate will be Marg Stone, a Freshette, whom Al says is the best find of the season. She can skate, stick handle and packs a nice shot. Her rushes should be dangerous this year.

### Big Squad

Trying out for the centre position are Jane Laidlaw and Lois Boomer. Jane is another good prospect. She uses her head, and much is expected from her as a playmaker. Lois is small but fast, and should be a thorn in the side of any opposition.

Alice MacDonald, a Freshette trying out for left wing, is a strong skater, and with a little more experience should look like a regular. Ruth Hazlett, another Freshette, needs to improve on her skating, but she's coming along fast.

On the other wing Barbara Burns knows her hockey, but needs to improve her skating. Thelma Bailey is inexperienced, but is shaping up well. The other girls were all members of last year's team. Jean Smith is a hard working, aggressive player. Phil Mullin is trying hard to hold her place, as is the back-checking Bernie Smith.

## SPORTSHOTS

By Art Kramer

Two Varsity squads went down to defeat last night as our Golden Bear puckchasers took a 6-3 beating from the Soops and the girls' hoop team again fell before the sharpshooting of the Gradettes.

A score of 4-3 would have better described last night's hockey fixture. For two periods our green and gold gang held the Soops on an even footing and until "Lefty" Grove ripped in the Soops' fourth goal it looked like a good night's work for the Bears.

Bill Stark and Jack Dunlap, two newcomers with the team, did some nice work on the ice, and with this opening game under their belts, should go great guns next Thursday when they step out against the Dominions at the Varsity rink.

Although scoring two goals of Varsity's total, Al Wilson's second line of forwards looked rather weak. They passed up plenty of scoring chances that might have changed the complexion of the game had they been on their toes.

The Science and Pharmadents did right noble in their opening games of the "A" section of the Interfac League. Boles and McCullough copped the scoring honors and looked pretty good all round. Fireworks should be in order when these two squads tangle.

Our soccer enthusiasts closed a very successful season with a banquet last Saturday night. The team did much to revive interest in the game this year, and if Mr. Taylor's suggestion of intersarsity games is carried through, soccer should again take a prominent place among the sports on the campus.

## VARSITY RINK OPEN SUNDAY

Band to Be in Attendance This Wednesday and Perhaps Friday

Sunday afternoon at three o'clock many gaily attired couples could be seen wending their happy way to the Varsity Rink, that imposing structure which stands just south of the campus. Here they gleefully donned the glittering blades, and swept onto the perfect sheet of ice to go gliding around to the strains of familiar tunes, played on the orthophonic. There was quite a crowd there, and many were the spills, some graceful, some not.

The feature of the afternoon was the innovation of a spot skate. This is an adaptation of the spot dance, and the couple lucky enough to be nearest a chosen spot when the music ceased was presented with two free passes to the Rialto Theatre. These passes were presented by Dr. Rutherford.

The crowds which are attending the rink during skating hours is such as would gladden the heart of any secretary-treasurer, and everybody seems to have a marvellous time, be they good, bad or indifferent skaters.

### By Way of Humour

Cara Evenden—This is the twelfth time you've been to the refreshment buffet.

Jock Cameron—Oh, that's all right! I tell everybody I'm getting something for you.

JACK DUNLAP



Former left wing with the Stettler Seniors in the Big Six, showed the boys some small town stuff in a big way last night. His snappy work at center ice is well worth watching.

## SOCCER TEAM FETED AT BANQUET SATURDAY NIGHT

### INTERCOLLEGIATE SOCCER PROPOSED

The Varsity Soccer Club wound up its season's activities with a banquet that quite compensated the players for all their hard-fought battles, when some seventeen club members and friends sat down to a tempting spread in the Rainbow Room of the Varsity Tuck last Saturday evening. Guests of the occasion were Mr. Geoffrey Taylor, Art Brown and L. E. Weekes. After the toast to the King, the club president, Clarence Weekes, briefly reviewed the past playing season. Nine games were played together—won 5, drew 3, and lost 1. Total goals scored 18; goals scored against the team, 6. Nineteen players had donned jerseys this season, which spoke well for the revival of soccer interest on the campus.

Ray Ure proposed a toast to "Our Graduating Players," Philip Locke and Jack Convey. This was replied to by Jack Convey, who has coached the green and golds all season. In his reply, he expressed a wish that the club would make it an annual custom to play the staff. Concluding his remarks, he proposed a toast to the success of the club. Mr. Taylor next spoke a few words to the club, suggesting in encouragement of soccer that an effort be made to get competition with Saskatchewan another year. A bit of humor was provided by a short chalk talk given by L. E. Weekes, who produced caricatures of soccer players and Varsity life. The gathering broke up after making plans to have their group picture taken.

Those present were: Jack Bowden, Jack Convey, Philip Locke, Ray Ure, Bernard Ower, Bill Fraser, Tony Whiteside, Elvins Spencer, Creasy Marfleet, Dante Ubertino, Campbell Tate, Clarence Weekes, L. E. Weekes, C. Sanbury, Art Brown and Mr. Geoffrey Taylor.

## BADMINTON CLUB HAS SEEDED STARS

The Varsity Badminton Club is again entered upon a season of activity and expect to be right in the swim for city and Alberta honors this year. Alberta Varsity will enter teams in the Interclub League as in previous years.

Barbara Jarman, Freshette, is well known in local badminton circles. She is the winner of four provincial titles in 1933, and in 1934 was co-holder of the ladies doubles and runner-up in the ladies singles events. Peggy Aitken is the present holder of the provincial ladies' singles title and three Edmonton ones. A. G. "Three Touch" Cooper was city champion in 1933, and was co-holder of provincial men's doubles the following year.

George Crawford was the holder of two city titles last season, while Guy Morton won the provincial junior

## INTERFAC PUCK MEN OFF TO GOOD START

Science and Pharm-Dent Squads Open League With Wins as Boles and McCullough Star

The 1934-35 hockey season became a fact on Monday night when the Varsity Rink was the scene of an interfac double-header, the Engineers downing Arts 5-1 in the initial battle, while Pharm-Dent blanked Meds 2-0 in the second.

For the first games of the season both showed a good brand of hockey, and what the boys lacked in technique they more than made up for in energy.

### Bergman Scores First Goal

In the first game Jack Bergman took the honor of scoring the season's first goal when he beat Prevey on a solo effort early in the first period. Boles adding another soon after. In the second period Pete Gordon tallied on a pass from Vern McKee, and Boles scored his second goal on a pass from Gordon, to make it 4-0 for Engineers. In the final stanza the teams got one apiece, Andy Lees scoring for Engineers, while Lou Goodwin chalked up Arts' lone counter on a pass from Desrosiers. Penalties were: Denovan 2, Boles and Robertson 1 apiece.

### Lineups

Science—Goal, Chuck Devaney; defence, Hargreave, Boles, Lees; forwards, Robertson, Gordon, McKee, Bothwell, Bergman, Garbutt.

Arts—Goal, Prevey; defence, Denovan, McLaws, Jamison; forwards, Ussher, Smith, Darrah, Goodwin, Oatway, Desrosiers.

The game was ably handled by Bob Cruickshank, Al Millar acting as casual adviser.

The second game of the evening saw action in its most concentrated forms, both teams laying on the pressure, the hickory and the ice from the opening bell. It was anybody's game from gong to gong, especially the first two periods, when the pace was unusually fast.

### McCullough Stars

McCullough, Pharm-Dent forward, scored on a lone effort early in the first period and again in the second on a pass from Johnson, thus being the lone goal-getter of the game. Stewart, Pharm-Dent goal tender, blocked 19 shots as compared with 12 stopped by McHall. McCullough and Stewart looked especially good in the Pharm-Dent ranks, while John, hard skating little centre of the Meds, turned in an excellent effort. Jennijohn was the only bad man of the game, drawing a two-minute rest in the first period.

### Lineups

Pharm-Dents—Goal Stewart; defence, Holmes, Jennijohn; forwards, Kendall, Moore, McCullough, Johnson, Leacs, Anderson, Fraser.

Meds—Goal, McHall; defence, Oatway, Tomeskiwsky; forwards, Johnson, Johns, Bradley, Yoalkin, Fiske, Rex Young, Trott, McCurrah.

Referee—Bob Gibson.

singles and the men's doubles a year ago. Fraser Mitchell, another member of the team, is present holder of the men's provincial singles title.



SAVE UP A NICKEL,

SAVE UP A DIME,  
AND WHEN YOU GET \$300  
COME UP AN' SEE ME SOMETIME.

Dick Burns  
Pres. Senior Class

This advertisement, inserted at the request of the Senior class, makes an appeal for funds in its own peculiar way. The poster from which this cut was made was put up in the Arts Building, but disappeared very shortly after its unveiling—most likely some art-lover's work. The Gateway cannot too strongly condemn the action of such a person who, for the love of art, would steal such a poster, and we extend our sympathies to Mr. Burns for his bereavement.

There's still time  
AT McDERMID STUDIOS  
to have that Year Book Photo taken, make your appointment to-day by phone, call 25444

Get Your Next Suit From

**Dittrich**

Smart Clothing and  
Fine Haberdashery

"Correct to the Last Button"

10164 101st Street

PHONE 27651

**Muckleston's**

BEAUTY PARLOR AND  
BARBER SHOP

10316 Jasper Avenue

Few doors west of Hudson  
Bay

SEE US FOR

**TUXEDOS**

FOR

**JUNIOR PROM**

**Edmonton Masquerade  
Parlors**

9913 109th St. Phone 21348

## Your Personal Appearance

MEANS A LOT IN  
STUDENT LIFE

To look your best, send your clothes to the  
Snowflake to be laundered or dry cleaned.

Leave your bundle in the Hall Office. We call for and deliver

**Snowflake Laundry and  
Dry Cleaners, Ltd.**

9814 104th Avenue

Phones: 25185-21735-25186

## TRUST FUNDS OF THE MOST SACRED CHARACTER

The funds administered by a life insurance company are, on the whole, the accumulations of small premiums or deposits of many people who by this means are protecting those depending upon them, and also providing a fund for the comfort and independence of themselves in their older age.

Such funds are frequently accumulated as the result of the practice of extreme thrift and consequently must be invested with extreme caution in order to guarantee the security of such funds. Such funds are entitled to a reasonable rate of interest and must obtain a reasonable rate of interest in order to guarantee the fulfillment of policyholder's contracts.

Never in the history of Canadian Life Insurance has one solitary company defaulted in its obligations to its policyholders. No other business in the world has such an unblemished record in this regard.

Many young men and young women who eventually become great men and great women "put themselves through" University by engaging in the business of life insurance. We will be glad to give you full particulars regarding a contract with The Commercial Life—Alberta's only home life insurance company.

**THE COMMERCIAL LIFE**  
Assurance Company of Canada

Head Office—EDMONTON, ALBERTA

J. W. Glenwright, Managing Director

E. B. H. Shaver, Secretary